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Bf. from Halliday,

Lewis

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Montagu Bene
from his old & affectionate friend
Coleridge
April. 1879

R. P. Ant. Selborne
J F C. Lady Coleridge
J T C. Sir John Taylor Coleridge
E Y Henry James Coleridge
(my brother)
J B S. John B. Murpley Seymour.

VERSES
WRITTEN
DURING FORTY YEARS.

**Est mihi purgatam crebrò qui personet aurem :
Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus.**

1879.



TO THE REVEREND EDWARD COLERIDGE, M.A., FELLOW OF
ETON ; LATE FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

My dear Uncle,

The only collection of Verses I ever printed
I inscribed to my father. They were a poor offering,
even for a boy ; but I loved him better, and owed him
more, than any man in the world. These, for an old man,
are poorer still ; but as my father is gone, I offer them to
you for the same reason, for which, if he had lived,
I should have offered them to him.

Your affectionate and grateful nephew,

COLERIDGE.

*Heath's Court, Ottery S. Mary.
Christmas, 1878.*

THESE Verses, it will be seen, range over more than forty years. A few copies of those collected under the title of "Memorials of Oxford" were printed in 1844. Almost all the rest have been written at various times since that year. I have dated them wherever I have had the means of being sure. They are printed for those few only, of whom I may dare to think that they will care to have them, not for their own sake, but for the writer's. Amongst them will be found some lines by my father and brother, a hymn by my wife, and a poem by Lord Selborne, whose permission to print it is a small instance of a great friendship, which I count among the many undeserved blessings of my life.

C.

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“MEMORIALS OF OXFORD.”

“He *will* write it,” said the Bhow Begum, taking up her snuff box, and accompanying the words with a nod of satisfaction and encouragement. “He will never be so foolish,” said my wife. My wife’s eldest sister rejoined, “He is foolish enough for anything.”—The Doctor.

NOT PUBLISHED.

OXFORD, 1844.

*Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia Luna;
Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

*Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria;
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas.*

HORACE.

TO MY FATHER.

Dear Father ! if I dared e'er hope to bring
Some gift not all too base for thee to take,
Then should I wish a later offering,
And better, for thy sake.

But since my best will ever worthless be,
And never can thy holy wisdom prove,
Take this poor pledge, though poor yet true, from me
Of reverential love.

May, 1844.

THE LAND OF THE DEPARTED.

τῇ περ ρηίστη βιοτῇ πῖλει ἀνθρώποισιν
 οὐ νιφετὸς, οὐτ' ἀρ' χειμῶν πολὺς, οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρος,
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λυγυπνείοντας ἀήτας
 Ὀπσιανὸς ἀνέστην, ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.

Odyssey, Δ.

Bright foam-crowned surges broke below,
 Above high towered the rocks of ocean ;
 There on the beach Cadwallon lay,
 And with sweet song beguiled the day,
 While round the wizard-bard did blow
 Soft gales to fan him with their gentle motion.

Cadwallon was an aged man,
 Full ninety suns had o'er him travelled,
 A sorcerer good and kind was he,
 Well skilled in bardic minstrelsy ;
 Earth's narrow bounds his mind outran,
 And Nature's mystic lore with ease unravelled.

No secret from him could she keep,
 Sun, moon, and stars lay all explored before him ;
 The breezes waited his commands to blow ;
 For him the breakers roared or murmured low ;
 On billows' crests he floated o'er the deep,
 And clouds upon their shadowy bosoms bore him.

While stretched upon the shore he lay,
 Longing to seek Flathinnis o'er the surges,
 (Island of heroes ! where the blest
 Enjoy a never-ending rest,
 In the bright sun, and far removed away
 From famine's gnawing tooth, and fell disease's scourges ;)

Sudden a storm arose, and filled
 The bay with murky clouds before it driving,
 Beneath whose skirts the waves their crests upreared,
 When lo ! forth issuing from its womb appeared
 A wondrous bark, whose snow-white sails well-skilled
 Swelled to the wind—its oars were with the billows striving :

But yet no mariners were there ;
 Instinct it was with life and motion ;
 Chill terror seized the aged bard ;
 He saw no form, but words he heard—
 “The boat of heroes waits—away with fear !
 “Come, and behold Flathinnis o'er the ocean !”

The bark he entered, for a force
 He could not challenge in its chains had bound him :
 The clouds roll round ; the wind blows free ;
 On sails the shallop steadily ;
 Seven gloomy days and nights he held his course ;
 Shril voices screamed, and dull winds moaned around him.

His nature felt no wants the while ;
 At last with sudden fear he started ;
 The waves rose mightily around—
 The vessel quivered—when the sound
 Broke from a thousand tongues, “The isle! the isle!
 “Behold! behold! the Land of the Departed!”

The clouds before him opened wide,
 The calm bright land at once disclosing,
 Bathed in a flood of gentle light,
 That strengthened, not o’ertaxed the sight ;
 It lay along the rippling tide,
 Like a fair dream in loveliness reposing.

Its hills sank gently into vales,
 Round their green tops bright clouds would gather,
 Hence many a sparkling streamlet’s course
 Fell with a softly-bridled force
 In music, as when sighing gales
 Bear far-off harpings on in calm still weather.

The glens lay open to the sea,
 The leaved trees hung rustling o’er the fountains,
 The air was clear, the sky was blue and bright,
 Autumn’s pure sun ne’er left his mid-day height,
 No chill could freeze the bird’s rich melody,
 No rude wind skirred the plain, or swept the mountains.

On to the shore Cadwallon sailed
 Borne by the glassy billows softly swelling ;
 And there the heroes' countless throng
 Received the bard with joyous song ;
 Him as a brother dear they hailed,
 And led in triumph to his high-roofed dwelling.

In endless youth, removed from care,
 Exempt from change of joy or sorrow,
 Loved by the gods, in balmiest clime,
 Lapped in delight, they pass their time ;
 None can approach their joy to scare ;
 No doubt, no carking fear to cloud the morrow.

They follow each his own delight ;
 Some weave again their warlike dances ;
 Others, with fixed and speaking eye,
 List the high strains of minstrelsy ;
 Others, in guise of mortal fight,
 Poise their light shields, and whirl their quivering lances.

And still amidst that joy they keep
 For earthly friends a pure affection,
 Unseen by men, on heavenly wing
 O'er their best loved ones hovering ;
 And thus the fair and holy sleep
 From evil powers secured by their protection ;

Hence oft at night, when all is still,
 The death-doomed hear a knocking at the portal ;
 And when the soul in act to die,
 Yet shrinks at death advancing nigh,
 Soft-whispering voices seem the air to fill—
 “ Fear not ! the isle is fair ! the joys immortal ! ”

In tales like these, in olden times,
 With wildest fable some dim truths entwining,
 Our sires rejoiced, and with undoubting faith
 Rushed headlong upon deeds of death,
 Oft with just glory crowned, oft stained with crimes,
 They fell, rough guilt with earnestness combining.

With thoughts of them upon our heart,
 Be ours their faith, not guilt, to cherish ;
 We know from no vain minstrel's tale,
 But from His word Who cannot fail,
 That Heaven for those, who play a faithful part,
 Hath joys that will not fade, and cannot perish.

1842.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S TALE.

Every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in Heaven.

Newman's *Sermons*, vol. ii. Sermon. xxix. p. 404.

How soft and calm this summer eve,
 Ere night her star-strewn mantle weave ;
 While still the warm and balmy breeze
 Rustles amid those aspen trees ;
 The clouds still bathed in glorious light
 Resist the dark approach of night ;
 The moon is yet but low and red ;
 Scarce a star twinkles overhead ;
 The swains still stir ; our old Church bell
 Not yet hath tolled the curfew knell :
 The heaven's deep blue, the wind's warm sighs,
 Bring thoughts of southern climes and skies.
 Come, sit, my loveliest dearest bride,
 No dews shall hurt thy beauty's pride ;
 Screened by this over-hanging thorn,
 Thou might'st in safety stay till morn ;
 Sit, dearest, sit beneath this tree ;
 From hence, thou knowest, we may see
 The house where now our home we keep,
 The churchyard where we both shall sleep ;

Here in my loving arms embraced,
 Thy head upon my shoulder placed,
 I'll tell thee an old solemn rhyme
 Well suited to the place and time.

The day was hastening down the west,
 And wearied men prepared to rest ;
 Already night had cast her shades
 Through the dim forest's lone arcades,
 When a spent traveller dared intrude
 Upon their awful solitude.
 He was a young and fair-haired boy,
 Unfit for aught but ease and joy ;
 His eyes of deep and melting blue
 For love and pity seemed to sue ;
 His beautiful and sunny hair
 Waved in long ringlets on the air ;
 Though travel-soiled and worn was he,
 He seemed a child of royalty ;
 Disordered was his rich attire,
 Half quenched his eye of gentle fire,
 And signs of tears and deep distress
 Dimmed his surpassing loveliness.
 And in what covert at that hour
 Shall he his body hide,
 For whom till then imperial power
 Had every want supplied ?

He bent him to the ground in prayer
 To God Who seeth everywhere ;
 He cried to Him to aid a child
 Belated in the gloomy wild ;
 To guard with watchful care the fate
 Of one so weak and desolate.
 Nor rose that prayer unheard on high,
 Nor wanted angel succour nigh ;
 For pure and holy was the boy,
 And well saints' love might he enjoy.
 Their strength upbears him on his way,
 Their heavenly tones around him play,
 To his rapt ears the night-winds bring
 A rich melodious whispering ;
 Thus, inly praying, on he fared,
 Girt round with his angelic guard,
 Till a lone cell before him stood,
 Hewn from the rock in that deep wood.
 The gate an easy entrance gave,
 He boldly pressed within the cave :
 Why starts the child ? What vision there
 Bursts on his sight
 Of mingled awe, and reverent fear,
 And grave delight ?

A dying man before him lay
 Dressed in a hermit's coarse array ;

He lay like one in tranquil rest,
 Arms meekly crossed upon his breast ;
 A silver lamp above him swung ;
 A crucifix before him hung ;
 It seemed he knew his hour was nigh,
 And laid him down in prayer to die.

And, oh delight ! around his bed,
 And softly bending o'er his head,
 To soothe his pains, a radiant band
 Of angel forms was seen to stand ;
 He heard their voices sweet and tender ;
 He saw their soft and chastened splendour ;
 In certain hope, and joyful faith,
 He sank into the arms of death.

The boy stood still ; he scarce could deem
 But that he saw a lovely dream ;
 He feared lest breath of his should scare
 A vision so unearthly fair ;
 When a grave man all clothed in white,
 Whose garments shone with heavenly light,
 Moved forth, and on the trembling child
 His deep full eyes he fixed ;
 And when he spoke, his accents mild
 Were love and pity mixed.
 "Fear not," he said, "I know of thee,
 And thy strange mournful history ;

Thy days, although a prince's son,
 In one sad stream of sorrow run,
 Thou hadst one friend, thy sainted mother,
 But thy heart never found another ;
 Thy sire's despite, thy step-dame's hate,
 Have left thee lone and desolate ;
 And young thou sail'st a stormy sea,
 With none, save God, to comfort thee.
 And now, my child, with heart forlorn,
 With limbs by cruel scourgings torn,
 Thou leavest thy unnatural home
 A houseless fugitive to roam,
 Till thou canst find some narrow cell,
 Where thou an anchorite may'st dwell,
 And spend a holy, lonely life,
 Far from injustice, pain, and strife.
 But pause, for not to thee is given
 This easy lot by righteous Heaven ;
 Nor should'st thou shrink or fly from trial,
 That were a poor weak self-denial."

Then, too, the choir broke out—
 " Full soon, full soon the toil is done ;
 In faith and meekness hie thee on ;
 Banish repining doubt."

" Ay, banish doubt," the grave man said ;
 " Live like this saintly hero dead ;

A statesman bold and sage was he,
 And high renowned for chivalry ;
 And, aye, amid the careless court
 He bore a thoughtful mind ;
 For holy solitude's resort
 His soul in secret pined.
 Yet not till duty's call had ceased,
 His mind from worldly toils released,
 Was free to seek this calm recess
 Of self-chastising loneliness.
 So leave not thou thy high estate,
 Nor try to escape thy cruel fate ;
 Though now no influence thou may'st own,
 Yet Heaven hath marked thee for a throne ;
 And hence thou canst not sinless fly
 These mighty cares, these duties high ;
 Not till thy realm is surely set,
 And peace and joy are firmly met,
 May'st thou thy perilous state resign
 For stern retirement's calm divine."

"And must I bear, so young and lorn,
 My step-dame's hate, my father's scorn ?
 And must I leave this blessed spot,
 Nor live a hermit now ?
 How shall I bear my hard, hard lot,—
 O holy angel ! how !"

"Nay, nay, fair child, thou art not left
 Alone and of all aid bereft ;
 When harsh and cruel threats affray thee,
 God's arm is aye at hand to stay thee ;
 And angel bands around, above,
 Watch all thy ways with sleepless love.
 Keep thou thy faith still pure and bright,
 Fight against sin a manful fight,
 And thy clear eyes shall visions see,
 To fill thy soul with holy glee.
 All sights and sounds, by night and day,
 Shall signs of Heaven to thee convey ;
 The sunbeam, and the silver moon,
 The gurgling fount, the breeze of noon,
 The shadows flickering in the woods
 Shall speak of seraph multitudes,
 The mists their couch, the crags their throne,
 Their voice the thunder's sullen moan,
 All bent to work their Lord's high will,
 All bent to guard the good from ill.
 And aye, or by the day divine,
 Or by the deep midnight,
 The air that circles thee shall shine
 With calm supernal light."

"But time runs slow and life is long
 And wearier seems through pain and wrong,

While all flies swift and peaceful here ;
 O holy saint ! indulge my prayer !
 I long to soar this world above,
 Change grief for bliss, and hate for love,
 All dull and gross my mortal birth,
 All dim my ears and eyes,
 I fain would leave the pains of earth
 For joys of paradise."

" Fair pilgrim on life's thorny way,"
 The calm majestic voice did say,
 " Life's years, to those who think aright,
 Fly like a vision of the night.
 The world's a shadow. Time, at best,
 A moment in the eternal rest.
 Then grudge not thou the few years given
 To fit thee for an endless Heaven ;
 'Tis all too narrow for thy heart
 To purge away it's grosser part,
 Nor could'st thou, but by God's high grace,
 Behold His spotless dwelling place.
 Thou know'st how short the passing day,
 How vast the morrow spreads away ;
 Remember this thy journey thorough,
 Life is To-day, but death To-morrow."
 He ceased, his solemn organ roll
 No longer swept the child's rapt soul ;

But then the choir in order meet,
 Rang out in tones severely sweet,
 Distinct and plain—

“Remember, fair stranger, and with this check thy sorrow,
 Though To-day there be danger, there is safety To-morrow.”
 So swelled the strain.

The years rolled by—a calm decay
 Had brought him to his dying day ;
 Not now a persecuted child ;
 A holy recluse, meek and mild :
 His childhood all in woes went by,
 And after some brief sovereignty,
 When his whole realm was surely set,
 When peace and joy were firmly met,
 With stedfast and unaltered mind,
 His royal station he resigned,
 And built a stately convent ; there
 To pass his holy life in prayer.

With joy he hears his awful doom,
 Nor dreads the cold and silent tomb ;
 He sees a world beyond the skies,
 Unkennd by all but saintliest eyes ;
 Around him cherub forms appear,
 Melodious chantings soothe his ear ;
 He sinks in death, to join on high
 Heaven’s angel-choired minstrelsy.

But then amid the silence deep
 A solemn cadence seemed to sweep,
 Sustained and strong,
 "Remember, fair stranger, and with this check thy sorrow,
 Though To-day there be danger, there is safety To-morrow."
 So fell the song.

Deep wonder came on all around,
 Who heard that strange seraphic sound ;
 The features of the dead the while
 Beamed with a calm and holy smile ;
 And when it ceased its echoes still
 Seemed all the listening air to fill.
 And as they knelt, with awe amazed,
 They knew that on a saint they gazed ;
 For so majestic looked the dead,
 They felt that he was blest ;
 They placed a crown upon his head
 A staff upon his breast,
 And the holy Church's prayers they said
 As they bore him to his rest.
 But ever with the anthem's tone
 Blended a richness not its own ;
 And in the organ's pealing swell,
 Sounds more than mortal seemed to dwell ;
 And brighter than the sun's bright smiles
 Were flung athwart the cloister'd aisles.

With pious pomp and stately song,
 The slow procession moved along ;
 They bore him to a green grass grave,
 Where his loved trees might o'er him wave ;
 Upon that grave the moon shines bright,
 And often there, they say,
 That angels in the silent night
 A holy requiem play.

So dearest, I have done my tale
 With the last faint sigh of the evening gale ;
 Deep silence seems the air to fill,
 E'en those lithe aspen leaves are still ;
 Yet all around, o'er field and wood,
 A half-felt presence seems to brood,
 As though o'er nature's work presiding,
 The heavenly hosts were near us gliding.
 Yes, 'tis an old and truthful creed,
 That they can help us at our need ;
 That they on wings of love descending
 Are with our smallest actions blending ;
 That they draw near us when we pray,
 But fly from evil thoughts away.
 Else why that feeling in the night
 That forms are nigh though out of sight ?
 Why think we, in the loneliest room,
 That others share with us the gloom ?

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Think, love, that o'er thy holy sleep
 Their watch angelic guardians keep ;
 That thou may'st see these heavenly powers
 In hills and rivers, trees and flowers.

Of old, when Greece and Rome were young,
 A creed like this their poets sung :
 * Sweet strains were heard, while men were mute,
 From Pan's clear pipe or Phœbus' lute ;
 In the dim covert of the dell
 Dryads and Satyrs loved to dwell ;
 And in the fount the Naiad fair
 Bound up her golden-tressèd hair.
 So, too, where Ganges' fountains play,
 In Scythia's wilds, in rich Cathay,
 'Mid the Pacific's thundering might,
 Where lie those Island-clusters bright,
 Their creeds have peopled earth and sky
 With forms of visible deity.
 And deep the lessons are, and sage
 Of hoar Tradition's mythic page ;
 For rooted firm in Truth's rich land
 Doth the vast tree of Fable stand.
 But cease we now from this grave talk,
 And slowly homeward let us walk ;

* It is not necessary to acknowledge the obvious debt to the famous passage in the Excursion.

For now the earth is steeped in dew,
And the pale moon sails in a sea of blue.
But if at eve thus soft and clear
 A tale of joy and sorrow
Please thee, my loveliest, thou shalt hear
 Another rhyme to-morrow.

1843.

THE BATTLE OF THE KINGS.

Amadis of Gaul, book i. chap. ix.

King Perion lay in Baladin, besieged within the wall
By Abies, King of Ireland, who had slain the knights of
Gaul ;
And Galayn, Duke of Normandy, and Daganel the proud,
Lay round the fort, and urged the King with vaunts insulting loud.

Right joyful was King Perion, when bold Agrayès came,
And that brave young knight, the Child of the Sea, for
none yet knew his name :
And Perion took the Child straightway, and led him to
the Queen :
“ This is the knight I told ye of, the best I’ve ever seen.”

The Queen thanked him right lovingly, for saving Perion’s
life,
When nigh borne down with numbers, in the hard unequal
strife,
And seeing him so fair, she thought on her own son’s hard
lot,
So she wept for him who was in her sight, and yet she
knew it not.

And Abies made an ambushment, and with the morning light,
 Galayn and Daganel called forth King Perion to the fight ;
 And forth to the fight Agrayès rushed, and forth King
 Perion rode,
 And the Child of the Sea, in milk-white arms, his milk-
 white steed bestrode.

The townsmen stood upon the walls, and called, " To arms,
 to arms,"
 And the Gallic chivalry poured forth, and the trumpets
 blew alarms ;
 Some, when they saw the numerous foes, desired behind
 to stay :
 " On !" cried Agrayès, and the Child, and dashed into the
 fray.

The Child encountered Galayn, and o'erthrew both man
 and horse,
 The Duke's leg brake, the Child's lance snapped, so bitter
 was the force ;
 He seized his sword, and none could stand his blows so
 fierce and strong,
 Till sore beset, he could not move amid the crushing throng.
 Then through the throng Agrayès pressed, and his hard
 need relieved,
 And Perion succoured with his knights, whom Daganel
 received ;

And the armies mingled on the plain, like the blendings
of the tide,
And the Child showed forth such chivalry, that none durst
him abide.

Then Daganel who saw his host all scattered and astound,
Strove hard to pierce the horse, and throw the rider to the
ground ;
But the Child so rudely smote his helm, that all the laces
broke,
And Perion clove him to the teeth, with a true two-handed
stroke.

So the Norman and the Irish knights began to yield and fly,
And cried to Abies not to see his friends unsuccoured die ;
On came King Abies to the fight with a fresh unwearied
power,
Then the foes, be sure, did wish themselves within their
walls that hour.

The Gallic knights gave backward then, when King Abies
appeared,
For he was the best knight of all, whom most of all they
feared,
And the battle had been quickly lost and the town gates
had been passed,
But forth Agrayès, and the Child, and King Perion pressed
in haste.

"Sirs," said the Child, "bestir yourselves, your honour to maintain,

For Galayn and proud Daganel are numbered with the slain."
Outspoke a knight to Abies, then, "Sire, in the front he fights,

That maiden knight on the milk-white steed, 'tis he who slew thy knights."

King Abies spurred him up in wrath, and to the Child he said :

"The men I loved of all the world through thee are lying dead ;

Bring on thy men—for this day's work thou dearly shalt abide."

"Nay, ye are many, we are few and spent," the Child replied ;

"Our lives, perchance, ye may destroy, no honour can ye take,

But if thou'lt show thy hardiness for thy dead companions' sake,

Choose out a band of whom thou wilt, and I will do the same,

And let us meet in equal fight for safety and for fame."

"Let it be so," said Abies, then ; "how many wilt thou have ?"

"Since 'tis for me to choose," said he, "no other will I crave :

I am thine enemy, thou mine, let us two try the fray,
No other blood, but of us twain, shall now be shed to-day."

"Nay, not to-day," the King replied, "thou'rt weary, and
must rest,

The sun hath set, the light wanes fast, thy wounds must
needs be dressed :

Let me not slay a worn-out foe, to-morrow we will fight,
Till then I wish thee health and strength, the more to
prove my might."

Into the town King Perion rode, and Agrayès, and the
Child,

And the people blessed him as he passed, he looked so
fair and mild ;

Then the Queen herself took off his arms, and dressed
his wounds with care,

So he robed him for the hall, and joined the song and
feasting there.

1843.

THE OWL.

The owl sits aloft in the hollow yew tree,
 And aloud screams he,
 While the clouds down the streams of the bold
 rough blast

Are careering fast,
 And the deep sullen clang of the midnight hour,
 From the old church tower,
 With the rushing wind and the owl's shrill voice,
 Makes a boding noise.

And what doth that gaunt form wandering there,
 Ever wandering to and fro
 With uncertain steps and slow;
 In dark floating robes, and with head all bare
 To the midnight air?

And hark, as he passes the hollow yew tree
 How the owl seems to mock him, merrily, merrily!
 For he flingeth out his song
 With a screech loud and long,

"Tu whit, tu whoo! tu whit, tu whoo!
 Oh merrily we live in the hollow old yew.
 Nought comes near me,
 All things fear me.

Tu whit, tu whoo! tu whit, tu whoo!
 Merry is my life in the hollow old yew!"

But the dark form wandereth up and down,
And ever he keepeth a weary moan,

“Woe’s me ! woe’s me !

When shall I avengèd be !”

Anon he kneeleth in solemn wise
Raising to Heaven his tearful eyes ;
And strives to pierce through the thickening gloom
As seeking for somewhat that doth not come,

“Woe’s me ! ’tis a night of fear,

How long must I tarry here,

In this drear church-yard all alone,

On the awful eve of the good Saint John ?

Appear ! appear !

’Tis the noon of night,

And the wan moonlight

Is lost in the rolling sea of clouds.

Appear ! appear !

Thou art hovering near !

Burst the dim mist that thy form enshrouds,

For I long to gaze on thy face once more

As it was of yore !”

And the merry owl with a wicked glee

Scoffingly screamed from the hollow yew tree.

Steadily roared the rushing breeze,

Mightily trembled the bending trees,

When the sweep of wings in the troubled air

Told that a spirit was hovering there,

Which robed in a halo surpassingly bright
 Came forth from the womb of the vacant night.

'Twas a fearful sight I ween
 That such a vision there should be,
 Something awe and love between
 Mingled with the phantasy.

For silvery streams like the soft moonbeams
 Enlightened all around ;

And like the rich swell of some deep-toned bell
 Vast eddying waves of sound

Filled the air, and floating on high

Went singing on in the upper sky ;

Yet the faintest murmurs drowning never,

Like the mighty rush of a falling river :

And the knight bowed low to his lady's soul,

As these soft words o'er his spirit stole :

"Why dost thou shrink from the combat appointed,

Murmuring ever this faithless strain ?

Bitter the cup of the Lord's own anointed,

Sorrowful labours and earnest pain.

And what though Hell's angels may seek to alarm thee,

On Him be thy faith and no evil shall harm thee,

With the dark fiendish forms, or the thoughts of thy heart

Play thou for ever a manful part,

Until thou dost come

To the calm pale tomb,

And He may take thee to thy home."

The vision fled away,
 And midnight darkness lay
 On the knight :
 And many an hour had yet to fly
 Ere he the mottled dawn might spy,
 Or slowly travelling up the sky
 The day-light.
 And ever amidst the murky gloom
 There rang in his ears the deep sounds of doom,
 And his heart would quake for dread :
 For troops of unholy shades appear,
 And fiendlike forms, and shapes of fear,
 As leaves borne on the blasts of the dying year,
 Around the knight are spread.
 And aye as he strove his foes to smite
 They melted like spray from before his sight :
 And ever his strugglings feebler grew,
 And the spectral shadows aye nearer drew ;
 And scarce could he hear his own burning prayer,
 For the sounds of awe that oppressed the air :
 And the merry owl with a ghastly glee,
 Flung a mocking scream from the hollow yew tree :
 "Tu whit, tu whoo ! tu whit, tu whoo !
 Oh merrily we live in the hollow old yew !"

Deep in the gloom of the church-yard trees,
 Making shrill music with the breeze,

There stood a cross of carven stone,
 Rising all solemnly alone,
 There at its foot the knight sank down :
 His arms about him flinging
 For aid to Heaven he cried ;
 Voices round him singing
 In accents low replied ;
 And bade him fight the fight of faith,
 Nor tremble beneath the grasp of death ;
 For fortitude aye to God on high
 Is surely pleasing, and here on earth
 The penitent wail, the strong man's cry,
 Breathe holier richer melody
 Than all the varied strains of mirth.
 So when his mortal powers all quail
 Beneath this strange and dread assail,
 As his life pulses slowly fail,
 And death's damp mists around him hover :
 Sweet visions came to soothe his pain ;
 All hideous sights from him to cover ;
 That nought unholy could remain,
 And all was love and peace again,
 While slowly in sleep his eyelids close,
 And softly he sinks to his long repose,
 Like snow beneath a summer sun,
 Smiling, as though his work was done.
 He hears not the branches o'er him shaken,

Nor the loud winds' roar,
 He sleeps, and nevermore shall waken,
 Ah, nevermore !

Ah then ask not the tale of his sorrows to hear,
 For I dare not awaken those notes of fear ;
 Men shrank while he lived from the path of the stranger,
 As they fled from some fearful but dim-visioned danger ;

They knew not his story,
 Nor the passions unholy
 That raged in his breast ;
 His bride pierced and gory,
 Her grave dark and lowly,

The foul crimes of his soul at a demon's behest ;
 And the racking pains, and the deep burning agony
 That bore him assailed to his last long rest.

Oh ! deep the repose of the hot noontide slumber ;
 And deep the weird stillness of breezeless night,
 Ere the storm bursts the bands that all nature encumber,
 Or the blasts are abroad in their wild fierce might.

But the strongest winds must breathe their last,
 The heaviest rain at length is past :

Then sweet the notes
 From the birds' glad throats
 To ears that devoutly listen,
 And the violet wears a lovelier blue,
 The rose a deeper damask hue,
 As the rain-drops on them glisten.

When the merry sun went up on high,
 And the lark sang his song to the morning sky,
 The knight was found all stark and cold,
 Clasp^{ing} the cross in his dying hold.
 And loud in the face of the sunshine bright,
 Came the mocking scream of the owl's delight :
 "Tu whit, tu whoo ! tu whit, tu whoo !
 Merry is my life in the hollow old yew."
 Then they shuddered with heart subduing awe,
 When the stern dark face of the dead they saw ;
 And they shed some tears,
 And said some prayers,
 And a funeral chant was sung,
 And a muffled peal was rung,
 And they buried him there and went their way :
 God send him grace in His own great day !

1844.

"Quidam notus mihi nomine tantum."

I cannot tell if thou dost know my name,
 I never spoke to thee, I know thee not ;
 If known I might not find thy soul the same,
 Thy fair appearance may conceal some blot ;
 Thus will I love thee still a friend unknown,
 I'll trust my spirit to mine eyes alone.

All that is good, and kind, and fair, and true,
 This will I surely paint thee to my heart ;
 And should I give thee more than is thy due,
 None else will lose, and I shall gain that part :
 So an ideal friend within shall be,
 Whene'er thy outward form mine eyes may see.

1844.

MELANCHOLICA QUÆDAM.

O ! brother help me with thy fainting hand
 (If fear hath made thee faint as me it hath),
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Titus Andronicus.

Yes, twenty years have passed since first I hung
 Amid the tearful smiles of infancy
 A new-born babe upon my mother's breast.
 And now awaking from a troubled dream,
 (Not all uncrossed by rays of brighter hue,
 Bathing some parts in splendour, and by fits
 Lightening the whole with dim magnificence),
 I see before me in hard outline stretched
 Life and its duties.

Those were happy times,
 (I love to summon back the half-seen past),
 When, seldom thwarted, and caressed by all,
 My father's hope, my mother's boast and pride,
 I lived my careless life. The years rolled on,
 And Eton's walls received the proud vain boy.

I cannot tell the story of those days !
 It is not seemly that an erring soul
 Should bare itself to view : the mind shrinks back,
 And the blood mantles on the burning cheek

D

E'en at the recollection. Oh, my God !
 If deep and bitter shame, and blighted love,
 And crossed affections may atone for sin—
 Ah no ! I dare not murmur a complaint,
 I met with nought but justice. Justice? Ay,
 Say rather that I met with gentleness,
 With kindness and forbearing charity,
 For which I must be grateful. But that past,
 And half-endured, half-courted, half-despised,
 The proud vain boy grew up the headstrong youth.
 Then in the pride of fancied intellect,
 In all the majesty of littleness,
 I played my crazy part, and thought I led
 Others still crazier ; a fluent tongue,
 And a cool temper, bore me harmless through
 In foolish struggles with the wise good men
 Who wished my good, whom now with altered mind
 I honour and revere.

Oh ! fool to waste
 Life's brightest hours, and liveliest energies,
 In worse than indolence ; to spend on toys
 Not worth possession, on the love of fair
 But empty heartless beings, months of time,
 Which scarce was mine to squander. It is gone ;
 It cannot be recovered.

You alone
 Console me, for to you I look with pride,

My dearest honoured friends, whose love I gained
 Even 'midst those follies, and whate'er betides,
 Your names are graven on my heart of hearts,
 And I will keep them there until I die.

I changed the scene but did not change my life,
 And still I have to tell the same sad tale
 Of wasted energies, and idle dreams,
 Hopes unfulfilled, desires unsatisfied,
 Much dimly shadowed forth, and nought attained.
 And though by some not all unworthy deemed
 Of trust and love, and liveliest sympathy,
 Yet still by most half borne with, half disliked.
 I am not heartless; those who deem me such
 Misjudge me, and but that I hate display
 Of inmost feeling, I would say that cold
 And caustic words may flow from tenderest hearts
 When ill at ease within. The finest chords
 Untuned will yield no harmony.

Such thoughts

Pushed lightly by in social intercourse,
 Now far from friends, and in a foreign land,
 'Mid the deep stillness of these mountain woods
 Make themselves heard. As oft at close of eve,
 Forth from the bosky dingle as they pass,
 The gushing music of the nightingale
 Falls on men's hearts with magical influence;
 And thoughts of nature, and of nature's God,

And dim uncertain musings, not unmixed
 Haply with sweet though melancholy tears,
 Even in the worldliest bosoms will arise,
 At still night's awful bidding.

Thus to me

Not altogether profitless may come
 (So pray I, so I hope) these visitings
 Though sad and solemn. 'Tis my fixed resolve
 (God give me grace to keep it warily)
 To press right forward in life's pilgrimage;
 Not flutter like the moth from flower to flower.
 Sucking sweet poison, but performing nothing,
 Living a useless and unhonoured life.
 And though my task be well-nigh hopeless now,
 (For wasted years can never be regained)
 I gird myself to meet it, soothed by hope,
 Sustained by an unfaltering trust in God.

1841.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

Oh ! do not wrong my honest simple truth !
 Myself, and my affections are as pure
 As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
 Of the great Dian.

Faithful Shepherdess.

I wooed a gentle village maid,
 A poor man's lovely daughter,
 Long time I strove to win her love,
 And now my heart hath caught her.
 Though I am rich, and she is poor,
 She loves me for myself I know ;
 For her all scorn I would endure,
 So her rich heart-store were secure,
 I'd laugh at every woe.
 Soft be the song in the deep still night,
 Wake not my love, she slumbers light.
 But never scorn nor woe shall come,
 Where moves my gladsome maiden,
 With joyous smiles and loving wiles,
 Like a brave ship rich laden.
 Oh she is passing sweet and fair !
 Like the blue heavens her soft full eye ;
 Her swelling neck and glossy hair,
 This like fine film-threads on the air,
 And that like ivory.
 Soft be the song in the deep still night,
 Wake not my love, she slumbers light.

And in her maiden soul there lie
 Deep wells of purest feeling ;
 In chastened tears, and bashful fears,
 Their sacred source revealing.
 Yet sure though timid all and sweet,
 In that white bosom's stately swell,
 There breathes that scorn with scorn could meet,
 And would the loftiest lady greet
 As loftily and well.
 Soft be the song in the deep still night,
 Wake not my love, she slumbers light.

Oh ! swiftly speed thou lagging moon
 Thy course the blue vault thorough !
 Swift be thy flight thou pale dim night,
 Haste on thou joyous morrow !
 Sleep sweetly, dearest love ! The sun
 Brings on the day, when thou and I
 By Holy Church made fast in one,
 Our happy loving course shall run
 Together till we die.
 Soft be the song in the deep still night,
 Wake not my love, she slumbers light.

A DIRGE.

Nemo me lacrymis decoret, neque funera fletu
Faxit. Cur? Volito vivu' per ora virtum.

Ennius.

“Let no one grieve,” the poet said,
 “Nor drop the briny tear for me ;
 My spirit’s power when I am dead
 Can never quenched be.
 And though I die before the morrow,
 From Pœbus’ endless youth I borrow,
 And conquer time, like care and sorrow,
 By Godlike minstrelsy.”

“Grieve not,” the Christian mourners cry,
 “Our friend but slumbers in the tomb ;
 Till pealing at God’s summons high,
 The Archangel’s trumpet come :
 Then the grave’s bonds in sunder riven,
 His sins we trust by God forgiven,
 He soars to meet his Lord in heaven,
 His own appointed home.”

’Tis so, and yet the spirits shrink,
 And shudder at death’s awful hour ;
 Our being trembles when we think
 On its life-quenching power ;

Though life itself is toil and trouble,
 And care's best fruits are barren stubble,
 And honour's but an empty bubble,
 A frail and passing flower.

I saw thee droop, my noble boy,
 Before mine eyes I saw thee fail :
 My hope, my pride, my love, my joy,
 I saw thee chill and pale.
 Yet stedfast faith his pains beguiling,
 No ill his holy thoughts defiling,
 He slept still calmly, sweetly smiling,
 And left me here to wail.

I am alone upon the earth,
 I have none left to love me now,
 I had one child to cheer my hearth,
 That only one wast thou.
 With grief, though young, I'm bent and hoary,
 My dream of bliss was transitory,
 Ambition's pictured scenes of glory
 With thee are lying low.

I dare not pray to be with thee,
 I am not pure enough to die ;
 O pray, my child, O pray for me !
 If thou canst hear my cry.

And Thou, O Lord, I pray Thee heed me,
To holy thoughts and actions speed me,
Then, though I shrink and tremble, lead me
In death's cold arms to lie.

1841.



TO A LITTLE CHILD.

Sweet child ! when first I saw thy thoughtful brow,
And knew thee 'mid the children's merry glee
Shut out from all the sports of infancy ;
That thy life ran in one unvaried flow
Of forced restraint from joys that here below
Impart to life its loveliness and grace,
I deemed it meet my pity to bestow.
But when I marked thy meek yet cheerful face,
Thy patient heart, thy words so soft and mild ;
I, not unproved in sickness' thorny ways,
But by impatient murmurings oft defiled,
All pitying thoughts with holiest envy checked,
And prayed to crush my proud vain intellect,
To learn of thee, thou wise and gentle child !

1843.

My sisters ! these poor scrannel pipes of song
Must not go forth without one halting verse,
By which my feeble but truth-telling tongue
May strive my deep affection to rehearse.
I do not love you for your beauty rare,
For beauty soon will fade, and fade for ever ;
Nor for your sprightly mirth, and youthful air,
Mirth dies, and youth once fled will come back never.
But lapse of years nor fierce tempestuous weather,
Shall ever rend from you your brother's heart ;
For we have loved and we have wept together,
So are we bound by ties that cannot part :
The living and the dead alike shall be
Pledges to us of ceaseless unity.

1844.

LINES ON REVISITING ETON.

Fly not as thou wert wont to his embrace !
 Lest after one long yearning gaze, he swear
 Thou art the best good fellow in the world,
 But he had quite forgotten thee, by Jove.

W. S. Landor.

But two short years have o'er us past
 Since thou and I were parted last ;
 Thou wert a noble-hearted youth,
 Thy looks were Light, thy love was Truth ;
 And I, if friendship deemed aright,
 Had more within than met the sight ;
 And still through absence and neglect my heart
 It's love for thee shall cherish ;
 And though all earthly things with life depart,
 Till death it shall not perish.

Thy hair was dark, thy colour high,
 But melting was thy mild blue eye,
 Aye, ready thou for mirth and noise,
 But soft thy smile and sweet thy voice ;
 Again thy form before me seems
 As bright as living as in dreams :
 And musing here alone, I long to send
 To bring the truant hither,
 For while I live the memory of my friend
 With me shall never wither.

My boat floats gently by the shore
 Where thou and I oft rowed before,
 These smiling fields and hallowed towers
 We both have loved in bygone hours ;
 Each sight, each fleeting moment brings
 Memorials of thee on its wings ;
 And undefined regrets arise, and fill
 Mine eyes with blinding tears ;
 I think of school, of friends, of thee, but still
 Of happy bygone years.

And was it well my love to spurn
 With cold neglect or quiet scorn ?
 Found'st thou in jest, or song, or wine,
 A heart so warm so true as mine ?
 And yet, my friend, I blame not thee,
 Others in love may rival me ;
 I blame not thee, I blame my foolish pride,
 Which would not stoop to sue,
 Nor owe to prayers the boon which, though denied,
 I only thought my due.

We are not what we were before,
 My love remains, but thine is o'er :
 Fortune marks out high state for thee,
 A hard and stormy life for me ;

But still as mournful fancies move
I'll think of thee and of thy love ;
And if instead of fortune's favouring ray
O'er thee the storm should lower,
I will be there to guide thee on thy way
With love's untiring power.

1841.

If that you were by my unkindness shaken
 As I by yours, you've passed a hell of time.
Shakspere, Sonnets, cxv.

Did I, then, wrong thee, dear but wayward friend?
 Nor seek to bend
 Thy noble heart in kind and gentle wise
 To sympathize
 With all the warm affection that I feel,
 But chaste reserve commands me to conceal?

Saidst thou I knew thee not? Oh! idle words!
 Yet sharp as swords!
 I surely deemed thy heart was bound to me,
 As mine to thee;
 That we were friends indeed, beyond the power
 Of aught to part us till Death's awful hour.

It seems I erred; and it is good for us
 To sever thus,
 Lest the despairing heart, its hopes o'erthrown,
 Should live alone
 To rouse, in all its bitterness again,
 The memory of a long-since-cancelled pain.

Then too, as now, I loved a noble youth,
 All light and truth,
 Less beautiful perchance, less rich endowed,
 But far more proud ;
 Then could I gain no love my heart to bless,
 By honest truth and faithful tenderness.

That I am weak, and all unworthy thee,
 This thou may'st see ;
 And yet, my friend, thou might'st have still forborne,
 To show me scorn ;
 Whate'er my worth, to thee I ever gave
 All true observance that thy heart could crave.

So then farewell ! it is a spiteful cross ;
 A bitter loss.
 'Tis worse to bear the chill of love's suspense,
 Than hate's offence ;
 'Tis sad to change soft summer's cheering green
 For snow-clad wastes, and winter's icy sheen.

Through thee perchance for faults I may atone
 To thee unknown ;
 God doth not always wound us, when we swerve,
 As we deserve ;
 And so 'tis ours, whenever it be sent,
 To kiss the rod, and bless the instrument.

1844.

TO JOHN BILLINGSLEY SEYMOUR.

Ibimus ibimus
 Utcunque precedes, supremum
 Carpere iter comites parati.

Horace.

I reverence thee, my own dear friend,
 With heart from envy free ;
 All my good thoughts and actions blend
 Their hidden springs with thee.
 I never see thy pale calm face,
 Thy strangely soothing smile,
 But thoughts of deep abiding grace
 My inward pains beguile.

When tossed by blasts of doubt and fear,
 I waver to and fro,
 And strive a safe retreat to rear
 'Mid contests' angry glow :
 Thou bidd'st me leave to furious foës
 The words of war and strife,
 And to all argument oppose
 An earnest holy life.

O truest wisdom ! modest trust
 In God's unfailing word !
 O certain refuge for the just,
 Where no ill sound is heard !

E

Far, far below in angry fray
 Their might the surges prove ;
 Round us the breezes softly play,
 The blue sky smiles above.

And when all sinking with the weight
 Of many an earth-born fault,
 I change that high serene estate
 For sin's dark prison-vault ;
 I pray to rise once more to thee,
 To walk along thy path,
 Not deeming thee from weakness free,
 Yet surely stayed on faith.

'Tis not unseemly thus to blend
 My human love of thee
 With those high motives that transcend
 All earthly sympathy.
 The reverent mind, the loving heart,
 For what were these bestowed,
 But grace and beauty to impart,
 And smooth our heavenward road ?

No more the sport of every wind,
 Weak as a withered leaf,
 I'll strive to gain thy steadfast mind,
 Serene in joy and grief.

I go with faltering steps my way,
Go thou, my friend, on thine ;
But fling a cheerful loving ray
From thy bright lamp on mine.*

April, 1843.

* The subject of these verses, a young man of most beautiful character and the brightest promise, died and was buried at Laybach in Illyria, in the month of October, 1843. At Eton he won the Newcastle Scholarship. He was Scholar of Balliol at Oxford ; and a brass sacred to his memory was placed by his friends in the Chapel of that College.

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.

Burial Service.

A year hath passed since thou wert borne
 To the dark silent grave,
 And none on earth to me forlorn
 A loving comfort gave ;
 It seemed all mortal bliss was gone,
 And blank despair remained alone.

My life was like a gloomy day
 Lit by a wintry sun ;
 The fleeting brilliance fled away
 Ere it had well begun,
 And left a darker drearier night
 For the brief gleam of passing light.

All my fierce passions sank to rest
 Beneath thy dove-like eyes ;
 And pillowed on thy gentle breast
 They strove in vain to rise ;
 I voyaged on a summer sea
 With thy soft hand to pilot me.

The dark sad youth thou didst not spurn
Nor freeze his love with pride ;
But when thou braved'st withering scorn,
To bind thee to my side,
No mortal language dare express
My spirit's utter happiness.

Nought had gone well with me before,
All smiled upon me now ;
With fair winds down life's stream we bore
Together, I and thou.
It was a dream too bright to last ;
I woke, and it was overpast.

They say when thou wert lying dead,
I scarcely breathed a sigh ;
I spoke no word, no tears I shed,
As though their springs were dry.
I cannot tell, I only know
I saw not, heard not, for my woe.

Dim and confused seemed all things round
As in distempered sleep,
When men's eyes, though their sense is bound,
A ghastly lustre keep ;
Only it seemed the passing bell
Crushed my bruised heart beneath each knell.

The funeral past, in order meet,
 Uprose that wondrous prayer;
 My body filled the mourner's seat,
 My spirit was not there;
 Thy form half seen before me hung,
 Thy sweet low tones around me rung.

The trance passed by, and I awoke,
 And knew that thou wert gone;
 The solemn truth upon me broke
 That I was here alone.
 Then gushing tears poured down my cheek,
 I wept as though my heart would break.

The sullen cloud dissolved in rain;
 The hard parched earth was wet;
 I changed that dull and stunning pain
 For chastened meek regret;
 And now I love this churchyard shade,
 Where all my earthly joys are laid.

This gnarled cedar's branches wave
 With a mild warning tone;
 That redbreast carols on the grave
 With music not its own;
 The fleecy clouds, the sunny air,
 An eloquent beauty seem to wear.

They bid me not to pour my grief,
As though no hope were mine,
But with the mourner's cypress leaf
Some brighter flowers to twine ;
For here from death and dank decay
Life blossoms, beautiful and gay.

So—thou art passed the veil within,
I yet without remain
To strive against my load of sin
With toil and earnest pain,
If haply it may yet be given
To join thee once again in Heaven.

1845.

CARLOS AND ZULEIKA.

The moon shines bright on Lerida tower,
The stars are sweetly beaming,
The silvery light of a summer night
Through the casement is softly streaming.

And Carlos and Zuleika there
Are sitting side by side,
And hear the sweet tale of the nightingale
And the murmurs of the tide.

And there inwreathed in each other's arms
Those lovers had sat for ever,
Lulled by the gently-falling sound
Of the ever-flowing river;

But danger and fear are ever near
And encompass them around,
And they start at each sigh of the evening wind,
And tremble at every sound.

Oh! he was a gallant knight, I ween,
And she was a lady bright,
But her stern sire was a Mussulman,
And he was a Christian knight.

And her father had vowed by the Prophet's shroud
That she ne'er should a Christian wed,
And that ere he would yield to such disgrace,
He would strike his daughter dead.

Full well he knew that Carlos now
Was in his daughter's bower ;
So he went to strike the fatal blow
In the silent midnight hour.

And there those two fond lovers sat,
And little thought they, be sure,
Of aught above to cross their love,
Or the vengeance of the Moor.

In rushed the father, and the maid
Cried out, "Fly, Carlos, fly."
Then burst the old man's fiery rage,
"Die, cursèd daughter, die."

He struck her with his glittering brand ;
The maiden bowed her head ;
And breathed one prayer for her father there,
And then at his feet lay dead.

And Carlos, hemmed and circled in,
Resisted long and well,
And still defied in his manhood's pride
The might of the Infidel.

Oh ! deadly was the fight and bloody was the sight
Of the corpses that round him lay ;
But the strife must end at length, as the young man's
mighty strength
Ebbd at every vein away.

They buried them there by Lerida tower,
With hymn and funeral wail,
And one grave doth hold in its bosom cold
The cross and the crescent pale.

The moon shines bright on Lerida tower,
And faery songs are sung,
And a funeral knell at the midnight hour
By faery hands is rung.

1839.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

Only there appeared unto them a fire kindled of itself, very dreadful :
for being much terrified, they thought the things which they saw to be
worse than the sight they saw not.

Wisdom of Solomon.

The Emperor in his palace sate,
His heart with hate
Of Christians burning ;
He deemed his power could reinstate,
(God's words of fate
To falsehood turning),
Lorn Israel's tribes, and raise their fane
On high again.

He summons that world-scattered race ;
With words of grace
He sends them home ;
At thy command, Apostate base !
From every place
Behold they come ;
Till Salem's walls and towers they see
Upreared by thee.

Nor stays he there. Why should their fane
Unbuilt remain
To cause their sighs ?
That prophet's word was false and vain,

Which said again
 It ne'er should rise.
 In pride, as erst, at my command
 It yet shall stand.

The work began. The people strove
 With passionate love
 The toil to share;
 And, as some impulse from above
 Their hearts might move,
 With zeal they tear
 Their wealth from every secret hold,
 And gems and gold.

No loitering there and no delay,
 But all the day,
 And all night long,
 None high or low behind might stay,
 They urge their way
 With labours strong;
 Till bare at length the rocks appear
 From ruins clear.

But vain the Apostate's high command,
 That countless band
 In vain may toil;
 God's word for aye unmoved shall stand.

Fallen Israel's land,
Lost Zion's soil,
Shall want, in spite of wild endeavour,
Their fane for ever.

Hark ! hark ! what rolling thundering sound
Breaks out around ;
The buildings quake.
The people scattered and astound
Feel the firm ground
Beneath them shake.
The fixed foundations of the rock
Reel with the shock.

Like the tempestuous whirlwind's course
With headlong force
The flames outsprung.
Like waves from some exhaustless source,
Without remorse
They roared along ;
While murky vapours, dark as night,
Quenched the daylight.

Like flocks before the impetuous blast
With tremulous haste
The bands retire :
Some, scorched and shattered as it passed,

Breathe out their last ;
While the fierce fire
It's beauty o'er each Christian head
Innocuous shed.

The Christians' hymns of praise uprose,
To see their foes'
Defeated pride ;
Full soon, to stay the Christians' woes,
In torturing throes
The Apostate died ;
While still dispersed and homeless dwell
Lorn Israel.

1843.

Φιλομυειδης Ἀφροδίτη.

Joy to thee! joy to thee! beautiful maiden!
 Is thy heart free?
 Joy to thee! joy to thee! thy smiles are laden
 With merry glee.

Take thou a young laughing boy for thy lover,
 Loyal and true;
 Think that a light face a warm heart may cover,
 Give him his due.

Love that is born amid joyance will ever
 Keep his torch bright;
 Mirth-nourished shine in the darkness, and never
 Fly with the light.

Joy to thee! joy to thee! beautiful maiden!
 Is thy heart free?
 Joy to thee! joy to thee! thy smiles are laden
 With merry glee.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

Beautiful maiden, trust not the song;
 Laughter is hollow and cannot last long;
 Man was not made for joyance and mirth,
 Sorrow must dwell with daughters of earth.

For better for worse, the Priest must say,
 In sickness in health, till life's last day;
 How shall the boy with his cloudless brow
 Master the depths of that dread vow?

Take for thy lover, a man well tried
 In winter as well as summer tide;
 One who will love, whate'er the cost,
 Much in joy, but in sorrow most.

One in whose heart the waters flow
 Quiet and calm, but deep below.
 Waves that bubble with dancing foam,
 Are not shallows and rocks their home?

Beautiful maiden! God has given
 Unto thy soul high thoughts of Heaven:
 And thou knowest that all things holy
 Have in their joy some melancholy.

Of things holy and sweet and fair,
Purest, and brightest, and best that are,
What do good Angels most approve,
Beautiful maiden, what but Love?

Then if thy lover be worthy thee,
Reverent and fearful his love will be,
Deeper than laughter the joys that roll
Speaking of Heaven through all his soul.

R. P.

1845.

ALICE.

She cannot undo what is done.
 For if a smile were like the sun,
 And sighs more sweet than gales that creep
 O'er rosy beds where fairies sleep,
 And every tear like summer rain
 To thirsty fields—'twere all in vain.

Hartley Coleridge.

Be silent, Sir: you knew not what you did;
 And I forgive you. Years have rolled away
 Since any dared to lift the sacred veil,
 That hangs before my scarred and stricken heart.
 It was a wholesome agony. It loosed
 The brazen chains that bound me. Lo! her name
 Compels me, like that ancient Mariner,
 To tell again the story of my woes,
 So to unload my spirit. You shall hear
 An old man's memory of passionate youth,
 And blasted manhood.

Be you wise in time!
 When you love well, with deep absorbing love,
 See you love wisely also; when you set
 Your happiness afloat on life's rough main,
 Trust only to a strong sea-worthy barque,

And not a gaudy pinnacle. Winds and waves
 Howl and surge around you, till the trimly skiff
 Sinks, scathed and riven by these fierce combatants,
 And you sink with it.

That fair portraiture,
 Whose name you asked, and thereby stirred in me
 A throng of maddening memories, was one
 The loveliest of God's creatures; once my love,
 My wedded wife, the mother of my babes,
 Once the bright sun-spot in an adverse heaven,
 Now the dark cloud o'er my prosperity.
 The only thoughts that could breathe peace to me,
 I may not, dare not cherish. I have lived
 To see Hope's brilliant sunshine fade away
 To a faint darkling tomb-fire, and anon
 That quenched with damps and mists obscene, and now
 Companioned only by a blank despair
 To walk in darkness.

Alice Elrington
 Was a poor cottage damsel, beautiful
 As ever princess in the olden time,
 Whom famous knights might pray to in their need :
 Her violet eyes, her glossy golden hair,
 Her rosy smiling lips, her damask cheek,
 The mingled gentleness and majesty,

The dainty beauty of her virgin form
 Live still in yonder picture. But herself,
 The good, meek, modest Alice, she is gone ;
 She lives, but that which made her life is dead,
 The temple stands, the informing spirit hath flown :
 That which in her was pure, and beautiful
 (Her now the spectre of herself) is here,
 It is engraven on my inmost heart ;
 Like a rich gem enshrined in a sea cave,
 Whence nought but nature's death can sever it.

What need of many words? I urged my suit
 With all the passionate ardour of a soul
 That scorns to sully its rich youthful glow
 With any taint of withering worldliness.
 I loved her, Sir, as men can love but once,
 With that pure sacred self-abandonment,
 Affection's young virginity.

The world

Laughs at these things, and calls them impulses,
 Erratic meteors, that but lead astray
 From Reason's clear and calm divinity,
 To the false shrine of dreaming Phantasy.
 So be it. Worldings follow with the world,
 Nor guess the worth of things not made for them ;

But be you wiser than these mocking sages !
 That which doth lift a man above himself,
 Must have a more than mortal majesty ;
 So Love is heavenly !

It was nought to us,
 That men looked grave on it, and prophesied
 That ill could not but follow. Fast in one
 Our hearts were trammelled in the cords of love ;
 We lived but for each other : and the wise
 Enlightened world might roll upon its course,
 And scatter solemn saws, and doubts, and fears ;
 We owed it no allegiance : for its sayings,
 We knew not of them ; or if e'er we heard,
 Surely we recked not. What a thrill of joy
 Passed through my spirit, on that happy morn,
 When half reluctant in her gentleness
 I made her mine for ever, sanctified
 By Holy Church's mystic ordinance !

There is a mystery in happiness !
 A bliss beyond the power of words, and this
 Was sure a dream, too bright to be believed.
 For gently rocked upon the swelling wave,
 The languid breeze scarce rustling in the sails,
 I floated down along enchanted shores ;
 Where the wind breathed rich odours, and the air
 Was all alive with golden melodies,

And soul entrancing visions hovered round
 Of smiling joy and tranquil loveliness,
 Such as of old might have beguiled the hearts
 Of Circe's suitors, or the mighty chief
 Whom famed Armida loved. It may be, Sir,
 You think I paint my love too rapturously :
 But my heart loves to dwell on it : the day
 Was bright though brief, the night is lasting still.
 I had set all my hopes upon the cast,
 And the die failed me.

O ! thrice happy they
 Whom equal love unites in holy bands !
 We were both poor, but I was nobly born,
 And had a proud and lettered intellect ;
 While my sweet Alice was a village girl,
 Fairer than others, not less ignorant.
 So she was scared and startled oftentimes,
 She knew not why ; and I scarce consciously
 Yearned for a truer, deeper sympathy.
 O ! high but fearful gift, a restless spirit !
 It may have raised my empty, barren fame,
 It surely wrecked my happiness !

Fool ! fool !
 To crave, and languish, and grow sick at heart
 Amidst my blessings ! I was truly loved,
 And I did truly love, and yet a blight

Came o'er my spirit ; and I think sometimes,
 Though memory does not sanction the reproach,
 I must have harshly dealt with her, God knows,
 It may have been so. Passion's bounding stream,
 We knew not how, ebb'd silently away ;
 And that calm rolling tide, where gilded barques
 Had raised beneath their prows the bubbling foam,
 And flung it off in sparkling joyousness,
 Was now all shrunk, and parched, and waterless
 And striplings easily had passed it dry-shod.

Yet though our passion's burning heat grew cool,
 Love still, at least with me, remained ; and He
 Before Whom every human heart is bare
 Knows how I loved her. But she fled away
 With one whom I had deemed my dearest friend,
 And I awoke to find my blissful dream
 Merged in life's sad and drear realities.
 I vainly dreamed, that nourished on the earth,
 I yet could breathe the gales of Paradise ;
 And the earth undeceived me. She was gone,
 Was gone with him ; and 'twas a double sorrow,
 That should have made me mad. I cannot stay
 To tell you how it chanced, for it would rack
 My spirit nigh to frenzy ; long ago
 He passed away to meet his great account ;
 I do not think of him with bitterness :
 May God forgive him !

Alice fled away

But did not leave me comfortless. Two babes
 Had blest our union, and they now remained
 To cheer my awful pining solitude;
 And they did cheer it. O! my sons, my sons!
 Pardon me, Sir, I cannot choose but weep—
 And had you seen their mantling innocence,
 The pure sweet glow of angel infancy,
 You would weep too; for they were beautiful,
 Yes, passing beautiful indeed they were;
 The very villagers would stop to look
 As they went by, and bless their darling faces;
 Guess then a father's love. Their sunny locks,
 And the deep azure of their lustrous eyes,
 Clear as the blooms of the sweet Flower of Love,
 Or the high vault of heaven it gazes on,
 Too lovely for this world. The Prince of painters
 Would sure have limned their eloquent lineaments,
 And placed them in the choirs of Cherubim,
 For the bright courts of Heaven meet denizens.

O! fading promise of a fading hour!
 Frail images! delusive loveliness!
 The dream all melted like the snow away!
 The morn broke brightly, but before the twilight,
 Or thoughtful eve's serene solemnity,
 Rushed the swift chariot of impatient night!

With deep unutterable love I've listened—
 Forgive me this, a father speaks to you,—
 To their soft silver prattle, and I've gazed,
 While twining each his arms about the other
 They lithely moved in graceful playfulness.
 I could have gazed for ever, and anon
 My heart has swelled in me, and I have wept
 For very keen delight. But nevermore
 Henceforward shall I do so. They are dead.

I am a childless, broken-hearted man,
 This world has wreaked on me its utmost spite :
 And now, as far above its boiling waves
 I stand, as o'er the surging sea of clouds,
 That roll in these low regions, some vast hill
 Bares its unconquered forehead to the sky.
 Riches and honours now have flowed on me
 In most unsought profusion. I am old.
 I want them not. I do not wish to live.
 And when death comes, may I have grace to meet him
 With no unfitting confidence; to join
 My children, there, in Heaven.

Now, Sir, farewell !
 Hereafter you may hear the proud stern Earl
 Called happy, and his fortune coveted.

You will know better; you have learned that he
Has an unhealed heart-cankering misery,
Which he will bear about him to his grave.
"All is not gold that glitters;" and be sure,
'Tis better to be poor and such as you,
Than a rich Earl, and such a thing as I!

1844.

Then why so fearful ?
Let's not be tearful ;
Pass round a cheerful
Health and farewell !

1843.

Go, little book, from this my solitude !
I cast thee on the water. Go thy ways !

Southey.

So then my little book draws to its close,
And with it the brief lifetime of my muse ;
Henceforth she slumbers in unstirred repose,
Whence to awake she sternly shall refuse.
Yet were I thankless not to do her honour,
Though harsher duties summon me away ;
I do not grudge the labours spent upon her,
Sweet are the duties she will have men pay.
But even the fairest things will fail at length :
For like the current of a rocky stream
Broken and troubled by opposing strength,
Such is the tenor of life's restless dream :
All mortal joys to nothing swiftly tend,
The sweetest things have aye the soonest end.

1844.

END OF "MEMORIALS OF OXFORD."

VERSES
OF
LATER YEARS.

Ἐπὶ τις Ἡράκλειτε τέδν μόνον ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
ἤγαγεν.

Callimachus.

Years have rolled by since last we ever met,
Now o'er thy corse the lamentations rise ;
On thy short life God's awful seal is set,
In the dim tomb thy shrouded beauty lies.
Yes, lovely as beseemed thy gentle birth,
All gave thee but thy due in loving thee ;
But that soft plaintiveness, which tinged thy mirth,
Bound thee, ah, far too tenderly, to me.
We parted ; it must needs have been that thou
Wouldst grow to manly stature, and thy heart
Would lose its feminine gentleness, but now
I only see the fair young boy thou wert.
Farewell, farewell ! our lots apart were cast,
Sweet are the sights and voices of the past.

1845.

And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

Sir Walter Scott.

Faintly round us fall and rise
The wind's warm sighs ;
Far on the storm beaten shore
The hoarse waves roar ;
In our hearts an answering knell
Echoes to the word Farewell.
Must it then be spoken
Pledge of love unbroken ?
Yes, Farewell.

Who will answer for our truth ?
Ah, fickle youth !
Absence is an awful change,
And years make strange.
Breathe it softly, breathe it lowly,
Lest it scare the silence holy
Yet it must be spoken
Pledge of love unbroken,
Ah, Farewell.

'Tis a faithless coward heart
That dares not part.
I see thine eyes, I feel thy breath,
And fear but Death.

Storms on us their wrath may pour,
We are one for evermore.

Be it boldly spoken
Pledge of love unbroken,
Love, Farewell.

We again may never meet,
Yet weep not, sweet ;
Look upon the stars, who still
Their calm thrones fill :
Live well here, in Heaven above
There is life and there is love.

Now then be it spoken
Pledge of love unbroken,
So, Farewell.

1854.

A shadow like an Angel with bright hair.

Shakspeare, *Richard III.*

Sweet boy ! I nevermore shall see thy face,
 Yet in my heart its delicate lines shall live,
 Instinct with that high beauty, and pure grace
 Which truth and gentle plaintiveness can give ;
 For in thy dovelike eyes, and pleading smile
 No harshness can lie hid, no fraud, no guile.

On thy fair open brow is set the seal
 Of a meek soul in innocent gladness free ;
 Thy radiant eyes soft glances do reveal
 Clear depths of love and tenderness to me ;
 And bring, like all things lovely ere they fade,
 A fair dim vision of mine own sweet maid.

True love doth all things to itself refer ;
 By it are all things good, or fair, or great ;
 Beauty is worthless save it speak of her,
 Love, is no love, she doth not consecrate ;
 And thy sweet face enthral me, for I see
 Her peerless beauty shadowed forth in thee.

Beautiful child ! I know thee not ; yet thou
 Through her art part of me, art loved, dear boy.

Go forth upon thy way ; henceforth, as now,
Thou wilt be with me as a thought of joy ;
Till in His sight, on the eternal shore,
We may both meet and love for evermore.

1846.

PHÆDRA.

π πολλὰ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,
 πολλὰ δ' αἰετῶς κραινουσι θεοί,
 καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελείσθη,
 τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον εἶρε θεός.
 τοῖόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

Euripides.

Come hither, Phædra, I am very old,
 And all the blood is frozen in my veins ;
 I think that I shall never any more
 Go forth unto the battle ; my huge spear,
 And the vast circle of my moony shield
 My arms could scarce uphold. Sit down, my child,
 Here, close beside me ; ere I go from hence,
 For now I know I have not long to live,
 'Tis meet thy dark and terrible destiny
 Should be unveiled ; and thus thy future life
 In all its stern and drear magnificence
 May lie before thee plain. O, do not weep !
 I know thy heart is very desolate ;
 I know that ever since thou wert a child
 Silence, and gloom, and dark despondency,
 And dim foreboding, and sad loneliness
 Have been around thee ; that the very air
 Is loaded with the shadow of thy fate ;

And this shall never cease. Yet weep not, Phædra,
 Fate must be met with high unblenching strength ;
 Tears are for sorrows, not for destinies.

So then sit down, and listen to my tale.
 I was a comely youth ; in Sicyon
 There was no form more beautiful ; in war
 Or in the tourney there was none like me ;
 I was, forgive this boasting, not unfit
 For the brave days of Greece, when men were gods,
 And bore the world before them, walking forth
 In high heroic might and majesty.

Thou knowest, Phædra, what it is to love ;
 But the deep solemn bliss of love returned,
 The burning passion and the stedfast faith,
 When true hearts meet in holiest unison,
 And youth's bright sun shines on them, and the stream
 Fed from a hundred founts flows swift and free,
 This is to thee a hidden mystery
 Thou shalt not know for ever. Dark indeed
 And solemn is thy fate : yet curse me not !
 Bend not thy deep sad eyes upon me so !
 Oh, hear me plead, my child !

Phædra ! I loved

With all the ardour of a passionate youth ;
 None knows how much ; the yearning heart of man

Admits not nice admeasurement, and words
 Are not Love's language : this I dare to say
 None ever loved more boundlessly than I,
 Nor worshipped more devoutly ; from her eyes
 Came all my light, her presence was my life,
 And in her absence all was cold and dim.
 Yes, I am old ; but I was youthful once ;
 And my blood stirs at thought of times gone by
 Not without reason. Oh, my Areté !
 My life, my love, dost thou behold me now,
 Me, me, thy Creon ? Canst thou hear my voice,
 So thin, so weak and old, there where thou liest,
 Thy beauty fed on by the ravening worm
 Down in the winding caverns of the grave ?
 What have I done ? Look there, look there, my child,
 Dost thou see nothing ? Yes, I come, I come ;
 Thou beckonest me. I come. Look not so sad ;
 I did not wrong thee, Areté. Alas !
 She wanes away into the vacant air.
 Ah, woe is me ! I see that I am old,
 And that my age hath made weak of wit ;
 But I beseech thee bear with me, my child,
 I am not often thus.

I cannot tell
 How our love first arose ; we seemed unfit
 To walk through life together ; I the child

Of a wise holy-minded Christian Chief,
 She of the mighty sorcerer Athamas ;
 Whose voice could wake the thunder, break the bands
 That held vast rivers, lash the breezes up
 To frenzy, make the welkin ring with screams,
 Torn from the forests in their agony ;
 And oft his form was 'mid the cloud wrack seen
 Riding in triumph on the hurrying storm,
 Exulting in the havoc he had made.
 Such was the father of my Areté ;
 While she a very miracle of love,
 So soft, so gently-shrinking, and so fair,
 That men would gaze upon her as she moved,
 And love her unawares. My child, this earth
 Never saw form so passing beautiful
 As thy blest mother's ; such are seen in dreams,
 Such in resplendent beauty, veiled with wings,
 Stand alway waiting by the throne of God.
 She was his child, aye, as the rainbow hues
 Are children of the tempest and the cloud.

Ah, me ! I trifle with my tale. My mind
 Quails at the recollection of my woes ;
 But for thy sake, my daughter, I will speak.
 Love came upon us. We were young and fair,
 Our blood was warm in us, and life was fresh
 And beautiful and loving were our looks

Whene'er we met, and when I spoke to her
 Her cheek flushed crimson, and the cadences
 Of her rich voice lost their full harmony,
 And faltered into murmurings, and then
 Into most eloquent silence. As we walked
 Linked close together, loving as we went,
 Along the margin of the hollow sea,
 We spake no word, but gazed upon each other
 And with our eyes drank in deep draughts of love,
 While thoughts and inspirations all divine
 Enwrought us in their mantle, and we moved
 To far off strains of heavenliest melodies,
 Half heard, half felt, like the majestic roll
 Of a deep river in a summer night.

The end is easy to foretell. Our love
 Fed on itself still grew and strengthened still,
 Till nought might part us, and we stood resolved
 To live our lives together, or to die.
 But Athamas hung o'er us like a storm
 Full fraught with thunder, and in act to break,
 But dark and still as midnight. None can tell,
 Who never saw his cold stern mocking face,
 With what inscrutable and withering power
 His presence weighed us down. Oh, evil day!
 We fled, my Phædra, I and Areté,
 We fled away from Athamas to love,
 But Athamas could follow to destroy.

We fled into the vales of Thessaly,
 And there before the altar of the Lord
 We knelt and pledged each other, and were blest.
 Ah, Phædra! there are seasons of our life,
 Whereof the distant memories make us doubt,
 If that, indeed, we cold, coarse lumps of clay,
 We base and sensual things, with low desires,
 And grovelling hopes, and aims unsanctified
 By aught of prayer or high self-sacrifice,
 Can be the same with those pure noble spirits,
 Who were not of this world, who seemed to move
 Girt with Heaven's glories, and whom bygone times,
 Like friends long dead, although our own selves once,
 Bring to our recollection.

Such a time,
 The short bright summer of an Arctic year,
 I spent with her in those Thessalian vales.
 The sun arose and set, and spake of love;
 The thoughtful twilight hour, night and her moon,
 The fixed splendours of the golden stars,
 The soft and melancholy planets, all
 Came down into our souls; the hoary main
 Gave forth accordant music; to our eyes,
 In the weird silence of the deep midnight,
 The ancient trees in the dim forest-glades
 Seemed all to fold their mighty arms together,

Standing in loving thought, or bending low,
Swept by chance breezes as they wandered by,
In humble adoration to their God.

All things spake love to us, our life was love.

It was a dream ; but bitter was the waking :
Aye, bitter was the morning of that night !
The months rolled on, and Areté, who bore
Beneath her heart another's infant life,
Felt that the time drew near when to the light
Her precious burden must spring forth. One eve,
Ah, luckless night ! ah, hapless Areté !
Beneath a cedar's dusky flakes of shade
We sat forth looking on the brow of Night,
Bound with her gorgeous coronal of stars,
And lighted up with the broad yellow moon.
It was intensely still. The beetle's hum,
The flapping bat's uncertain wanderings,
The gurgling eddies of the brimming stream,
That flickered in the lines of silver light,
The sudden plashing of a leaping fish,
Even the hoarse murmurs of the far off sea,
But deepened more the solemn silentness.
We spoke not, for we could not speak, we sat
Fast locked in one another's arms ; we heard
The beating of our hearts, and scarce dared breathe,
Lest the mute air might waken into sound,
And mar the holy silence.

Fast embraced,
 So sat we, Phædra, till my love's light heart
 Burst into loving similes. The stars,
 That gazed with level eyes on one another,
 Showed forth the deep clear earnestness of ours;
 The breezes were our whispers or our sighs;
 Trees twined their arms like us; the rippling stream,
 That by our feet ran onward to the sea,
 Was like the deep full current of our love;
 The still night was its deep solemnity.
 What was the moon? I said 'twas Areté,
 And Areté that Creon was the moon.
 So played we with the time—Oh, happy fools!
 Oh, love, thou sweet wise madness.

All at once
 Thick darkness fell upon us, clouds came on
 And rolled in surges down the wood's long aisles,
 Like ocean tide advancing wave on wave,
 Till the black mist was closing over us.
 The winds shook off their sleep; the air found voice
 And burst into a thousand fiendish yells,
 Whose notes might quail the boldest; from the shore
 Came forth the voice of ocean, the vast trees
 Sent out their cries of anguish, and the din
 Of mightiest thunder momentarily redoubled
 Appalled all sense beneath its wild uproar.

I know not how, but I could feel the gaze
 Of Athamas bent down upon us there,
 Cowering beneath the storm, while from those lips
 Half curled in stern and bitter mockery,
 Chill blighting words, calm as Fate's oracles,
 Rang through the stunning tempest high and clear.
 Oh, forceful words of heaviest malison !
 My Areté should die ; and the fair child
 She held within her never from her birth
 Should love created thing, but it should die :
 While me the cause of all he did not curse,
 But spoke and vanished from us, in his wrath
 Wrapt onward, like a loose and ragged cloud
 Swept down the currents of the viewless air.

Must I yet speak, my Phædra ? Oh, my wife,
 Why died we not together ? What was I
 That I should walk the wilderness alone
 With my wrecked hopes to bear me company ?
 Phædra, that night she paid her life for thine,
 Thy birth her death : and I was left alone,
 Alone with thee, and all thy childhood long
 The curse fulfilled itself on all but me,
 Thy innocent love was death to all but me,
 Till like a stricken deer I fled away,
 And left my fellow-men, and dwelt alone
 Where none could wake thy gentle love but me.

So have we lived together ; and I think,
 Though thy bright spirit hath been somewhat dimmed
 In this dull solitude, thou hast not lacked
 Aught that a father's tenderness could give.

And now I know that I shall surely die :
 Mine eyes are dim, my limbs grow cold, my wife
 Calls to me from the tomb ; I may not stay.
 Farewell, my child. Into the cold, hard world
 Thou must go forth alone, with none to guide,
 With none to guard or comfort thee, save God.
 Poor child ! Through Him alone can'st thou abide
 The blasts and surges of that pitiless sea,
 O'er which must lie thy voyage.

Thou wilt hear

Love's tender phrases ; thou art beautiful,
 And men are selfish, and love maids like thee ;
 And some may give thee true and worthy worship,
 Bowing their souls before thee ; thou art good.
 Perchance sweet visions of a happy home
 Enlightened with bright children, circled in
 With its own sacred fence of cares and joys,
 May rise upon thy spirit. But beware,
 The curse is on thee, Phædra ; love not so,
 Such love is death. Thou must walk forth alone,
 Must tread the steep and perilous path alone,
 With Angels for thy only company.



Oh, weep not ! Does it seem a bitter thing
 To tend the sick, to cheer the comfortless,
 To serve God ever, and to watch and pray,
 Because thou must be lonely ? The bright sun
 Goes on rejoicing in his loneliness ;
 And yon meek moon rides through the dark blue vault,
 Unmated in her nightly wanderings.

Nor deem thy life shall be un comforted.
 Flowers bloom along the way that Duty treads,*
 And as thou goest on thy stern high path
 Glimpses will come to thee of heavenly joys
 Transcending all the base world reckons of.
 Thy fate will not seem bitter ; thou wilt feel
 God's arms around thee, and God's Angels nigh thee
 On thy severe ascetic pilgrimage.
 And thou may'st love, my child, may'st love the dead,
 May'st love Christ's Saints, and love thy fellow-men ;
 But thine must be the love of Seraphim,
 Serene and pure and passionless as theirs.

Come closer to me, Phædra, I am weak ;
 Wipe these cold dewdrops from my clammy brow.
 Hear my last words. Beware of faithlessness !
 Plead not the reason of thy fate, my child,
 Nor why such power belonged to Athamas

* Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*.

To curse a lamb within the fold of Christ,
 Casting a blight upon thine innocence !
 Oh, banish fears, and doubts, and questionings !
 For all of us be sure God taketh thought ;
 He works His way through awful mysteries
 Deeper than mortal man could ever fathom.
 It may be thus alone thou canst be saved ;
 It may be thou art chosen from above
 To scatter blessings which were else ungiven.
 I cannot tell ; I know that God is good.
 I cannot see thee—kiss me, Phædra—so ;
 Ah, pray for me. I die—one moment yet—
 Bless thee, sweet daughter. I am ready now.
 God is the Father of the fatherless.

1846.

In piam memoriam Dominae Eleanoræ Cecilæ Law natæ die 26to Aprilis A.S. 1817 : denatæ die 15mo Junii A.S. 1852.

Illi, dum in sæculo vivebat, cor mundum, sancti mores, vita amabilis, tribulationes acerbæ ; nunc, per Christi misericordiam et miserationes, pro mundi luctu requies æterna.

Inscribed on a brass at Cumbrae, 1874.

“O leave me by myself to weep and die !
 Waste not thy love upon a thing like me !
 In my crushed heart affection's springs are dry,
 Betrayed, and seared a very stone to be.
 There was not once a lighter soul than I,
 Now do I pray to God on bended knee,
 (When I am fit) to take me from the strife,
 The heartbreaking weariness of loveless life.”

So spake a noble lady ; gentle, fair,
 Holy, and patient as a saint of old,
 A sacred creature, clothed with virtues rare,
 Serene, and wise, with graces manifold ;
 But crushed beneath a fate of strange despair,
 And foul reproach, and cruelty untold,
 She spake it to a maiden at her feet,
 Who with fond looks and tears made answer meet.

“Break not my heart, sweet Lily, say not so.
 How, having known thee, can I cease to love ?
 Heartless and savage have men been, I know ;
 Not all ; thy sorrows some true hearts can move

Even to their depths ; they love thee in thy woe,
 They fain would win thee succour from above ;
 One home at least there is, where such there are
 Who name thee daily to Our Lord in prayer.

“Enough, enough ! few words for such a thought,
 The deepest fondness is aye silent still.
 Take thou the love that comes to thee unsought ;
 Let not thy heart feel desolate and chill !
 Think on the lisping child to love thee taught,
 And may sweet thoughts within thee sometimes thrill ;
 Think sometimes as thou faintest on thy way,
 On those whose thoughts are with thee night and day.

“Go forth, O noblest one ! Take up thy Cross !
 I dare not stay thee by one word of mine.
 Bitter to me, ah, bitter, is the loss
 Of those calm ways, those gentle words of thine.
 Out on a pitiless sea which tempests toss
 Thou goest, armed and stayed with power divine.
 O Lord ! vouchsafe her strength, or set her free
 In the calm grave’s profound tranquillity !”

SEQUEL.

We must die,
 Since such is the reward of innocent lives,
 Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.

Shelley, *The Cenci*.

Three years, three little years have rolled away,
 And God hath sent an answer to the prayer ;
 Swift flew the arrow on the gentle prey,
 Keen but brief pangs were laid on her to bear ;
 Without the anguish of a slow decay,
 Far from hard words and her heart-withering care,
 Friends kneeling round, bright Angels standing by.
 In cloudless faith she laid her down to die.

Ah, better so. What had this world to give ?
 Ah, better so. What hope had she on earth ?
 All spite foregone, she hath begun to live,
 All sorrow past, her joy hath now its birth ;
 We would not call her back again to strive
 With coarse, loud anger, nor the icy mirth
 Of men who trampled on the gentlest heart,
 And in her ~~heart~~ drove deep their venom'd dart.

Lozic

We would not call her back ; she is at rest.
 Of those who wronged her we will speak no word.
 By silent tears our loss shall be expressed,
 No sound of anger in our tones be heard.

Around the memory of one so blest

Let Faith and Hope and Love keep watch unstirred ;
As the calm stars transfuse with silver light
The pensive stillness of a summer night.

Yes weep, but not for her : the melting rays

Of those blue eyes shall meet us nevermore ;
That pure fair brow, those gentle winning ways,

The sweet pathetic smile, the endless store
Of sympathy unsoured by hope's decays

We ne'er shall fondly worship as before.
Yes, weep ; for tears are sinless, though in vain ;
Our Lord wept for His friend ; shall we refrain ?

No, no, weep on ; but weep not in despair ;

The Master called her, she obeyed His will.
Now, when we think of her and bend in prayer,

In light or darkness she is with us still.
Love conquers Death, and we may strive while here

Like her our duties calmly to fulfil ;
So while we live our holiest thoughts shall be
Twined with our Lily's spotless memory.

Farewell, farewell ! forgive the worthless line

That fain would speak my sorrow o'er her tomb.
I dare not join thy soundless grief with mine,
Sweet sister, whose young life is plunged in gloom ;

Nor thine, lone preacher of a Faith Divine,
Nor yours, sad tenants of her ruined home ;
All mourn her, I the least, yet all may have
One loving tie within her holy grave.

1852.

SENT WITH A PAPER OF WHICH THERE WERE BUT TWENTY
COPIES.

Though precious things are often rare, my friend,
Rare but not precious is the thing I send ;
Yet as a token of true honour take,
And judge it gently for the giver's sake.

1851.

But he knoweth not that the dead are there ; and that her guests
are in the depths of Hell.

Proverbs.

Sera tamen tacitis Pœna venit pedibus.

Tibullus.

Murky was the night, and the moon gleamed apart,
Bitter was the wind as the clouds hurried by,
Dreary was the moor, and broken was the heart
Of her who had come to the hillside to die.

Fair was her face, but wasted with her woe,
Silken the tresses that all dishevelled lay,
Stately was her form, as when amongst the show
Of gallant lords and ladies she took her lofty way.

Once she was their Queen, the fairest of them all,
Once she shone amidst them the brightest of the throng ;
Now the ragged clouds roll above her for a pall,
For a dirge the winds are sighing the granite crags among.

She kneels beneath the stars by the moon's fitful gleam,
Bowling to the earth, her hands upon her breast,
Praying to be taken from her life's despairing dream,
To leave the world, to lie down in the grave and be at rest.

Visions come upon her of her desolated home,
Her father's withered cheeks, and her mother's bitter tears ;
One little tombstone beneath the yew trees gloom,
And a dying face before her, and a wailing in her ears.

Starting from the earth she tossed her hand on high,
Half she spoke a curse but checked it as it rose;
Humbly sinking down with a deep repentant sigh,
In prayer and meek forgiveness went her soul to its repose.

Glittered the lights in the stately palace hall,
Loaded was the air with odours and perfume,
Sprightly was the mirth, and melting was the fall
Of the soul-dissolving music wafted through the room.

By a lofty window beautiful and proud,
He a lordly Earl and a lovely Lady she,
The lovers stood together, ingathered from the crowd,
Heedless of the music and the thronging company.

Bashfully she listened forthlooking at the night,
Shrinking from the gaze of his keen and flashing eyes;
Unknowing that another had felt those glances bright,
And melted at the sound of his passionate witcheries.

Burning were his words as he poured his loving tale;
He swore she was the first that ever heard him plead,
The lost one's looks forgotten, unheard her dying wail,
The young heart unremembered he had pierced and left
to bleed.

Still the Lady listened and the Earl was speaking still,
 When the veil of night was rent and a vision met their eyes,
 They saw a barren moor, a bleak and rugged hill,
 And a woman's corse all stark upstaring at the skies.

Both knew the vision, both trembled as they gazed,
 For they saw where a spirit came floating on the air,
 Wrapped in snowy garments, with hands to Heaven upraised,
 And plaintive eyes bent on him in pity, not despair.

Onward even between them the spirit swept along,
 He saw its form, he felt the wave of its garments as it past,
 And as it went there came a silence on the throng,
 A shadowy awe and thrilling fear upon their souls were cast.

Then forth rushed the blast upon the palace walls,
 Wavered the lights, the curtains flapped beneath the tempests'
 roar,
 And the stormy wind that raved among those shining halls
 Stirred the golden hair of the corse upon the moor.

1852.

Go then vain life, for I will trust no more
Thy flattering dreams ; death to thy resting take me.

Phineas Fletcher.

She walked along the way of life alone,
Austere and chastened in her high regard ;
And from her passionless face and quiet tone
The shallow worldlings said her heart was hard ;
They could not see that where the crust was snow
Warm floods and hidden fires might lie below.

She loved the truth ; she could not play with speech ;
She could be silent, but she could not lie.
She cast a veil, through which few eyes could reach,
On her rich stores of love and charity ;
And so they called the true one harsh and proud,
And deemed her deep reserve a gloomy cloud.

Keen sorrow came and stole her mirth away,
Fierce wounds which rent her heart, and scarred it sore,
Before the time in girlhood's early day,
With thought and suffering she was "sicklied o'er ;"
And one profoundest love with sharpest pain
God in His mercy sternly smote in twain.

She smiled when slanderers breathed upon her name,
She seemed unmoved, but let them work their will;
Young children only when they round her came
Saw her real soul so tender and so still;
Restrained with something of a fond surprise
By her calm voice and liquid wistful eyes.

So she walked lonely through the vale of life,
Her deep heart put all feeble fondness by,
She walked alone in the world's weary strife,
God and her Faith, her only company.
And would you know this gentle solitary?
Go, seek her in the shadow of Saint Mary.

1853.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Not in the Northern Heavens before the eyes
Of men who might have felt its power Divine ;
Not in the sight of doubting Constantine,
Nor blazing forth against Apostacies ;
But leaning from the heavens, above the isles
Amid the broad Pacific's pathless ways,
Where the dark savage, thrall of demon wiles,
Unknowing God went wandering all his days ;
There all unfelt while countless years went by,
God fixed the splendours of the Southern Cross,
Age after age a silent Form on high,
Type of the Faith which turns the world to loss,
To men who nightly bent unopened eyes
On the Lord's Standard flaming in the skies.

1853.

VOLUNTEER SONG.

For an air by Mendelssohn.

Hark, across the sounding Sea
Rings the voice of Liberty :
“Men of England wherefore sleep
In a slumber base and deep?
England, whom ye love so well,
England, mine own citadel,
Keenly bent to work her woe
Lies a dark and crafty foe !”

Hark, across the stormy Sea
Rings the voice of Liberty.

“All along the fields of France
Booms the gun and flames the lance.
All things tell of furious deeds,
Clanging arms and neighing steeds ;
Underneath her iron keels
Angry Sea the burden feels,
Each one bears an armed host
Launched at England's silver coast.”

Hark, across the stormy Sea
Rings the voice of Liberty.

III

"Rouse ye then for mortal fight !
Wake ! put forth your glorious might !
Where in all the world beside
Will ye match our England's pride ?
Where are maids and wives like ours ?
Where are manhood's noblest powers ?
Fight for Freedom's holiest cause !
For your altars, for your laws !"

Hark, along the stormy Sea
Rings the voice of Liberty.

"Ah ! ye hear the warning voice !
Now I bid my heart rejoice.
All is safe if ye be true,
Vain is all the world can do ;
Mine own island great and free
Sits amid the engirdling Sea,
Still she rules the mountain waves
Still defies the Tyrant's slaves."

Hark, along the stormy sea,
Rings the voice of Liberty.

SONG.

For an air by Mozart.

Run softly, run swiftly, O deep flowing River !
 Roll down O ye waves to your home in the Sea !
 Sink gently O Sun ! and to silence deliver
 The hill and the valley, the wood and the lea.
 While men sink to slumber, the stars without number
 Flame forth round the throne of their mistress the Moon ;
 Their rest all are keeping, in peace all are sleeping,
 For glad morning sunshine will break on them soon.

While I by the tomb of my lost love lie mourning,
 Life's flowers at my feet are all faded and dry ;
 My sun hath gone down and can know no returning,
 The dark night hath fallen, and no Moon in the sky.
 O sweet Death, relieve me ! O deep grave, receive me !
 Ah, shelter me safe from the world's icy blast !
 From sorrow heart-wearing and dreary despairing,
 From fears for the future and tears for the past.

1863.

SONG OF THE GLADIATORS.

For an air by M. M. C.

They look up to a vacant Heaven, and down to the gulf of annihilation.

Forster's Essays.

Round about this fell arena,
By the ghosts of thousands haunted,
Now to join our slaughtered comrades
On we go with hearts undaunted.
Ave, Cæsar Imperator !
Morituri te salutant.

Dark the world, and alway darker,
Nought to comfort, none to love us ;
Grisly Hell beneath us yawning,
Deaf or dead the Gods above us.
Ave, Cæsar Imperator !
Morituri te salutant.

Voices come through dreary silence
Loud for righteous vengeance calling ;
So we chant in stern defiance,
"False relentless Rome is falling."
Ave, Cæsar Imperator !
Morituri te salutant.

Endless years the tortured nations
Learned the ruth of Roman mercies;
Ah ! she falls in waste and carnage,
With the world's triumphant curses.
Ave, Cæsar Imperator !
Morituri te salutant.

1860.

A PASSAGE OF STOKYS'S PROVERBIUM
VERSIFIED.

See much, say little, learn to bear in tyme,
 Emprynte these precepts on thy memorye ;
 Like as the moon doth change afore the pryme,
 So fares the world replete with vanitye.
 For language lewd ofte causeth miserye.
 Wherefore the wise man sayth to olde and yonge,
 The first chiefe vertue is to keepe one's tonge.

Oh, would to God these false tonge wepons all
 Moving and hissing like the curling asp,
 Whose dayly venom 's bitterer than gall,
 Were bounden each, and closèd with a clasp,
 Till truth and temperance list them to unhaspe.
 For leasing, calumny, and evil word,
 Have slain more men than Alexander's sword.

A little meddling causeth much unrest,
 Praise to the over-busy none will pay,
 Pray where thou art in doubt, and hope the best,
 Deal not with wiles, for they will thee betray ;
 On reckless wrath waits suffering many a day.
 Wherefore thyself an' thou would'st keep from cryme,
 See much, say little, learn to bear in tyme.

INSCRIPTION ON AN ORGAN.

ORGANA LOQUUNTUR.

Gore mayde mee,
 Gore played mee ;
 And tho' youre deathe*
 Foregoes mie breathe,
 Yee shall lyve onne
 Whenne I amm gone
 Gif, whyles yee playe
 Yee thyncke and praye.

1877.

* Or thus—

And though mie breathe
 O'er lyves your deathe.

RHODA.

A DEVONSHIRE ECLOGUE.

I am declined
 Into the vale of years ; yet that's not much.

Othello.

It was the deep midsummer ! the calm lake
 Lay shining in the sun ; the glittering ripples,
 That scarce bare record of the wind's light wings,
 Reached not the shore, where, shadowed by huge oaks,
 The clear still water blended with the land
 In undistinguished union. All was still,
 Save where at little distance a bright spring
 Leapt out from a fern-coroneted rock,
 And ran with cheerful prattle its short course
 (Making the silence deeper for its noise)
 To quiet slumber in the quiet lake.

Down to the margin of the water, slow
 Pacing along the shadow-dappled grass
 Into the trees' green twilight, steadfastly
 The while his eyes bent down upon the ground,
 Sir Richard Conway came. No longer young ;
 A statesman of repute ; in council wise ;
 Of bitter speech but not unkindly heart ;
 Of stately presence still. He in his youth

Had wooed and wedded a fair girl ; so fair,
 So gentle, and so good, that when she died
 His heart and love died too, and in her grave
 Lay down, and he came forth a stricken man.

But this was long ago : his children grew ;
 He watched them, but they never saw his heart ;
 They dreamed not of the proud man's tenderness,
 But went into the highway of the world,
 And left him to his utter loneliness.
 Years passed : sometimes his solitary heart
 Sent out a cry of agony for love ;
 But no one heard ; he sternly stifled it :
 Treading his path with dignity, he lived
 In pride and honour, and he lived alone.

He prayed for love, and in his Autumn days
 Love came upon him, but in such a sort,
 As, if a man had told him it would come,
 He would have laughed in scorn. But so it is ;
 God gives us our desire, and sends withal
 Sharp chastening as His wisdom sees most fit.

Rhoda, the fairest of a sisterhood
 Who were all fair, live hard by the great House,
 Near to the lake ; the daughter of a pair
 Not rich, yet blessed with slender competence.

And sometimes in the Park, or in the House,
 Whereto chance errands brought her, she would meet
 Sir Richard, who to such as her showed ever
 A gracious kindness, and would give to her
 A friendly greeting, sometimes with a word
 Of question of her needs or her desires,
 Followed by such slight interchange of talk
 As might befit such meetings—nothing more.
 Indeed he could not fail as time wore on
 To note that with each year she lovelier grew,
 A pale and delicate fairy, exquisite
 As some rare picture, with pathetic eyes
 Veiled underneath long lashes; their shy glance
 Seemed to reveal a soul whose tender depths
 Were unprofaned by any earthly thought.
 Nor was it seeming only: she was good;
 Guarding her beauty with simplicity,
 Meek sense, and modest wisdom.

This he saw,

He could not choose but see it; and he felt
 When she was near, as if some soothing strain
 Breathed round him; and his secret soul was swayed
 With unseen power, as sways the billowy corn
 Swept by the warm caresses of the wind.
 He knew what this portended. All in vain
 The proud man struggled with his heart; he loved,
 And knew that he loved, Rhoda; all in vain

He strove to turn away from her fair face,
He only gazed more tenderly ; in vain
Strove to speak coldly when he met her : still
His deep voice trembled, as his heart beat fast,
And from his eyes looked out his yearning soul.
Of all this conflict Rhoda saw but little ;
The less, belike, for conflict of her own :
Mysterious longings kindled by his voice ;
Shy pleasure in his presence ; constant thought
(Half reverence, half compassion, tender always)
Of this grave, courteous, noble, lonely man,
Who looked so great, so sorrowful, but still
With many a mute yet clearly-speaking sign
Sued for her love with sad humility.
These things she never uttered to her heart ;
And if her thoughts half spoke, unwaveringly
She put them by, and simply went her way.
But he could fight no longer ; and to-day
He waited by the water, for he knew
Rhoda would pass that way, and he resolved
To tell her all his secret, and to learn
His future from her lips, whether they spoke
Hope or despair.

He had not waited long,
When through the Park, along the trembling lake,
Into the oaks' soft shadows, Rhoda came ;

So bright, so fresh, so beautiful, she seemed
 To bring a golden light into the gloom.
 Sir Richard trembled, and his breath came quick,
 His pulse throbbed wildly, and his eyes grew dim ;
 Yet, mastered by his iron will, his words
 Came calmly forth to greet her : at the sound
 Surprised to find him there, she started back,
 Then murmuring something hurriedly, went on.
 He gently stayed her, saying in tenderest tones :
 "One moment, Rhoda—one—could you but know—"
 She looked into his face with wondering eyes,
 Then bashfully withdrew them ; for she knew
 At once his secret from his pleading voice,
 And his dark eyes' ineffable tenderness.
 "I did not mean to startle you," he said ;
 "Nay, do not tremble ; could you see my soul,
 The tempest there would make your own show calm.
 O, stay—forgive me—when the heart beats fast
 The tongue is slow—I love you ! Fewest words
 Are best for such confession. Can you love ?"

But Rhoda could not answer. Nought was heard
 Except the gurgling of the silver spring,
 When thus in saddest accents he resumed :
 "Rhoda, you see in me a man sore smitten ;
 Whose youth and Spring were buried long ago,
 One who has had no Summer in his heart,

Whose Autumn days are lonely, and who prayed
 ('Till you relumed the sunshine of his life)
 For the swift closing Winter of the grave.
 Long have I kept my secret to myself,
 From no mean shame, my girl; for well I know
 Were you my wife, mine were the gain, not yours;
 But silver hairs blend ill with waving gold,
 Nor would I bring a blight upon your life.
 Why have I spoken? 'Twas a selfish thought
 To share with you the burden of my gloom,
 O'ershadowing your young years—an idle dream
 That one so old and desolate as I
 Could stir the heart of blessed youthfulness.
 There—you have heard my secret. Pity me:
 I know you will not mock me. So, farewell!
 Go, Rhoda, with my blessing on your head!
 I to my loveless life return alone,
 Forlorn but uncomplaining."

He turned to go,
 But Rhoda, who had heard him to this word,
 Could now endure no more; she caught his arm,
 She gazed at him with fond eyes full of tears;
 "O, not alone!" she said—"we go together;
 If a poor girl like me—" She said no more,
 But turned and hid her face upon his heart.
 He clasped her, looking thankfully to Heaven,

Then stooped and kissed her : " Rhoda, my own wife,
 Bear with me for my love ! " The trees stood still,
 Yielding no faintest whispering. They came forth
 Out of the solemn grove into the sun ;
 The soft blue sky had not one film of cloud ;
 And as they walked in silence, they could hear
 Far off the happy stockdove's brooding note.

Ah ! do not blame them ! Do not lightly say
 That Love's sole garlands are the flowers of Spring,
 That his right throne is in the heart of youth,
 A beardless boy his true similitude !
 Do not believe it ! There's no age in Love ;
 Alike the joy of Spring, the pride of Summer,
 The crown of Autumn, and in Winter winds
 Keeping the old heart warm that else would die.
 For, let man wear it but with dignity,
 With reverence, with reserve, with self-restraint,
 It is a robe that fits him all his life.
 Nay wise men said of old, and they said true,
 That Love is eldest born of all the gods ;
 It was before the world, and it will live
 Undying still when all these things have perished.

And so Sir Richard won his lovely wife,
 Once more the old house brightened ; stately rooms
 Rang with the unaccustomed sound of mirth ;
 And still as years went on Sir Richard wore

Always an air of serious cheerfulness ;
 While baby voices gladdened all the place,
 And Rhoda's lovely face was never sad.
 Let the grim rock give forth a living stream,
 And still boon nature crowns its ruggedness
 With flowers and fairy grasses.

Near the Park

Towers up a tract of granite ; the huge hills
 Bear on their broad flanks right into the mists
 Vast sweeps of purple heath and yellow furze.
 It is the home of rivers, and the haunt
 Of great cloud-armies, borne on Ocean blasts
 Far-stretching squadrons, with colossal stride
 Marching from peak to peak, or lying down
 Upon the granite beds that crown the heights.
 Yet for the dwellers near them these bleak moors
 Have some strange fascination ; and I own
 That, like a strong man's sweetness, to myself
 Pent in the smoky city, worn with toil,
 When the sun rends the veil, or flames unveiled
 Over those wide waste uplands, or when mists
 Fill the great vales like lakes, then break and roll
 Slow lingering up the hills as living things,
 Then do they stir and lift the soul ; and then
 Their colours, and their rainbows, and their clouds,
 And their fierce winds, and desolate liberty,
 Seem endless beauty and untold delight.

So was it with Sir Richard : from the Park
And from the cares of state he often went
With Rhoda, to enjoy some happy hours
There face to face with Nature ; far away
From all the din and fume of human life,
From paltry cares and interests, that corrupt
Or keep the soul in chains. They may be seen
On a great hill, on cloudless summer days,
Or when the sun in Autumn melts the clouds,
Gazing on that magnificent region, spread
In majesty below them : teeming plains
And wood-clothed gorges of the hills in front ;
Behind them sea-like ridges of bare moor,
Some in brown shade, some white with blazing light ;
Above, enormous rocks piled up in play
By giants ; all around, authentic relics
Of those drear ages, when half-naked man
Roamed these dim regions, waging doubtful war
With wolves and bears ; and on the horizon's verge
The pale blue waste of Ocean. There they sit,
Sir Richard and his Rhoda, side by side,
Their hearts aglow with love, their souls bowed down
In thankful adoration, scarce recalled
From musings deep and tender, by the mirth
Of two fair children playing at their feet.

1866.

THE TWO PICTURES.

(Solem quis dicere falsum audeat?)

'Tis piece for piece, and line for line,
 The head, the brow, the eyes, the hair,
 No feature in that face of thine
 But lies repeated duly there.
 The Sun, we know, is limner true,
 And yet, my friend, it is not *you*.

In sooth, methinks, he made a slip,
 His cunning hand was somewhat out ;
 There's something lumpish in the lip,
 The mouth, methinks, appears to pout ;
 But let the lines be e'er so true,
 I miss the soul to make it *you*.

Within my heart a picture shines,
 By memory's stealthy pencil wrought,
 Long years have steeped its cherished lines
 In hues from glancing visions caught,
 Blending the lights of happy home
 With clearer sunshine yet to come ;

A gentle spirit's mirthful play,
Through daily change of good and ill ;
Unwearied on life's weary way,
Bright, faithful, hopeful, thankful still ;
Humble in joy, in sorrow true,
This is my picture—this is *you*.

γ.

MORNING AND EVENING
HYMNS.

J

MORNING.

Bending before Thee let our hymn go upwards,
Bright as the sunshine breaking from the darkness;
Thee we implore to guide us on our journey,¹
Lord God Almighty!

Guard us in toil when fainting in the noonday,
Guard us reposing under evening shadows,
Guard us when midnight walks abroad in Heaven,
Lord God Almighty!

If the dread Foe assail us with temptation,
Hear us, O Lord! and save us from his [danger;
Oh keep us pure, Oh lead us to Thy presence,
Lord God Almighty!

Glory to Thee, O Father Everlasting!
Glory to Thee, O Son, and Holy Spirit!
One in Three Persons, Infinite, Unchanging,
Lord God Almighty! Amen.

1868.

MORNING.



EVENING.

From Prudentius.

Child of God ! remember thou
 Fontal wave and sponsor's vow ;
 Then with purest drops bedewed,
 Then with holiest chrism renewed.

Seeking at the call of sleep
 Chaste repose and slumber deep,
 On thy forehead and thy breast
 Sign of Holy Cross be pressed.

Sin the Cross compels to flight,
 Flee the Cross the shades of night,
 Holy Cross upholds the soul
 Firm amid the surges' roll.

Hence, ye dreams and portents fell
 Roaming hitherward from Hell !
 Wanton wiles the Cross doth rend !
 Hence, away thou juggling Fiend !

Tortuous serpent ! traitor old !
 Who by many a winding fold,
 And with thousand coils of ill
 Quiet hearts assailest still,

Hence depart ! for Christ is here.
 Christ is present, melt for fear !
 His dread Sign, which thou dost rue,
 Quells thee and thy evil crew.

Though awhile we close our eyes,
 Though the failing frame low lies,
 Though we slumber, yet we will
 Meditate on Jesus still.

Now to Father, and to Son,
 And to Spirit, Three in One,
 And for endless ages be
 Glory, Might, and Majesty. Amen.

1850.

Cultor Dei, memento
 Te fontis et lavacri
 Rorem subisse sanctum,
 Te chrismate innovatum.

Fac, cum vocante somno
 Castum petis cubile,
 Frontem locumque cordis
 Crucis figura signet.

Crux pellit omne crimen,
 Fugiant Crucem tenebræ
 Tali dicata signo
 Mens fluctuare nescit.

Procul, o procul vagantur
 Portenta somniorum !
 Procul esto pervicaci
 Præstigator astu !

O ! tortuose Serpens,
 Qui mille per Mæandros,
 Fraudesque flexuosas
 Agitas quieta corda.

Discede, Christus hic est :
 Hic Christus est, liquesce
 Signum, quod ipse nôsti ;
 Damnat tuam catervam.

Corpus licet fatiscens
 Jaceat recline paulum,
 Christum tamen sub ipso
 Meditabimur sopore.

EVENING.



MORNING.

Handel.



Once again to meet the day,
Time hath borne us on our way;
Once again to God we bring
Prayer's most lowly offering;
We, the making of Thine hand,
In Thy strength alone we stand;
God of Mercy! God of Might!
Guard us till the fall of night.



Round us alway as we move,
 Folded be Thy tender love ;
 If we wander from the way,
 Smite us back, O Lord, we pray ;
 If temptations close us in,
 If we doubt, or faint, or sin,
 God of Mercy ! God of Power !
 Leave us not in that dark hour.

All we do, and all we are,
 Thou art with us everywhere ;
 Under Thine all-seeing eye,
 We must live, and we must die.
 O'er the creatures of Thy Word,
 Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord.
 God of Mercy ! God of Might !
 Guard us, keep us day and night.

Then when time is past and gone,
 When the day of doom comes on,
 When the trumpet calls the dead,
 When the heavens and earth are fled ;
 Shrivelling at the only breath
 Of the tempest of Thy wrath ;
 Save us then, O God of Might !
 By Thy mercies infinite.

1875.

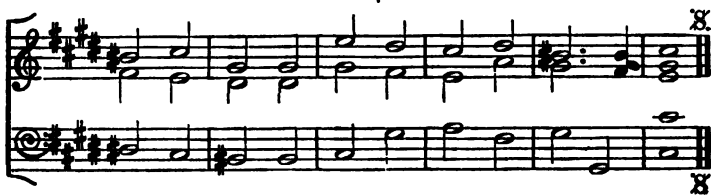
EVENING.

Gluck.



Now the day is dying slowly,
 Let us lift to Thee our eyes,
 Give our hearts unto Thee wholly
 As an evening sacrifice.

 Life is passing, death draws nearer,
 Day and night their emblems are :
 Lord, Thine erring sinful children,
 Bring this night to Thee more near.



Let Thine angels guard our slumbers,
 Keep us from the powers of ill,
 And with dawn of early morning,
 Let us rise to do Thy will.
 Thus our service, humbly rendered,
 Shall acceptance find with Thee ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Praise to Thee eternally.



1875.

J. F. C.

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM PINDAR.

*Olympionica, carm. xiv.***Καφισίων ὑδάτων****λαχοῖσαν αἶτε ναίετε καλλίπωλον ἔδραν,****ὦ λιπαρᾶς αἰοίδιμοι βασιλειαί****Χάριτες Ὀρχομενοῦ, παλαιγόνων Μινυᾶν, ἐπίσκοποι,****κλύτ', ἐπεὶ εὐχομαι. συν ὕμνιν γὰρ τά τε τερπνὰ καὶ****τὰ γλυκέα γίγνεται πάντα βροτοῖς,****εἰ σοφός, εἰ καλός, εἴ τις ἀγλαός ἀνὴρ.****οὔτε γὰρ θεοὶ σεμνᾶν Χαρίτων ἄτερ****κοιρανέοισιν χοροὺς οὔτε δαῖτας· ἀλλὰ πάντων ταμίαι****ἔργων ἐν οὐρανῷ, χρυσότοξον θέμεναι παρὰ****Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνα θρόνους****ἄναον σέβοντι πατρὸς Ὀλυμπίου τιμάν.****᾽Ω πότνι Ἀγλαιά****φιλησίμολπέ τ' Ἐυφροσύνα, θεων κρατίστου****παῖδες, ἐπάκοος γένεου, Θαλία τε****ἐρασίμολπε, ἰδοῖσα τόνδε κῶμον ἐπ' εὐμενεῖ τύχῃ****κοῦφα βιβῶντα· Λυδία δ' Ἀσώπιχον ἐν τρόπῳ****ἔν τε μελέταις αἰείδων ἔμολον**

TRANSLATED.

Hear ! O ye Graces, hear your suppliant's song !
 Ye who delight in those fair plains,
 Where 'mid bright herds of coursers strong
 The cool Cephissus' waters flow ;
 Queens of Orchomenus ! in lofty strains
 Sung of by poets ; here below
 Amongst your honours great ye claim to be
 The guardians of the Minyæ.
 From you all pleasures and all sweets arise ;
 From you the great, the glorious, and the wise.
 For not the gods upon Olympus' brow,
 Whene'er they feast, or choral dances weave
 Revel without the Graces ; they receive
 The stewardship of Heaven, and all bow
 Reverently before them, while they meekly sit
 Placing their thrones by Pythian Phœbus' side,
 Beaming immortal love, their heavenly father's pride.

Divine Aglaia and Euphrosyne !
 Lovers of joyance and of harmony,
 Daughters of mightiest Jove, your suppliant hear !
 And thou Thalia of the breathing shell,
 Favour the crowd from far and near,
 Tripping light with joy and glee
 To celebrate this victory.

K

οὔνεκ' Ὀλυμπιόνικος ἅ Μινυεία
 σεῦ ἕκατι, μελανοτειχέα νῦν δόμον
 Περσεφόνας ἐλθέ, Ἀχοῖ, πατρὶ κλυτὰν, φέροισ' ἀγγελίαν,
 Κλεῦδαμον ὄφρ' ἰδοῖς υἱὸν εἵπης, ὅτι οἱ νέαν
 κόλποις παρ' εὐδόξου Πίσας
 ἐστεφάνωσε κυδίσμων ἄεθλων πτεροῖσι χαίταν.

Me, their bard, they know full well,
Singing loud in Lydian measure,
That Minya hath won great treasure,
Favoured by you with toil and pain
In the far-famed Olympian plain.
Haste thee, Echo ! haste and flee
To the palace of Persephone !
And seek there
The aged sire, and bear
This message sweet
To his holy, calm retreat ;
Tell him, that in the bosom of the hills,
Which glorious Pisa's stately city fills,
His son to-day hath won his guerdon high,
Glory that will not fade, and fame that cannot die.

Eton College, July, 1837.

FROM LUCAN.

Pharsaliæ, lib. ii. 350.

Hæ flexere virum voces, et tempora quanquam
 Sunt aliena toris, jam fato in bella vocante :
 Foedera sola tamen, vanâque carentia pompâ
 Jura placent, sacrisque deos admittere testes.
 Festa coronato non pendent limine sorta :
 Infulaque in geminos discurrit candida postes,
 Legitimæque faces, gradibusque acclivis eburnis
 Stat torus, et picto vestes discriminat auro :
 Turrîtâque premens frontem matrona coronâ,
 Tralatâ vetuit contingere limina plantâ.
 Non timidum nuptæ leviter tectura pudorem
 Lutea demissos velarunt flammea vultus :
 Balteus haud fluxos gemmis astrinxit amictus,
 Colla monile decens ; humerisque hærentia primis
 Suppara nudatos cingunt angusta lacertos.

TRANSLATED.

Pharsalia, b. ii. 350.

He bent him to those prayers, although the hour
Was all averse to nuptial joyousness,
And the fates called him forth, perchance to die.
Yet then 'twas sweet to bind two hearts in one,
That each might claim the other, that the gods
Might see this bond accomplished. Yet no flowers
Hung in gay garlands o'er the crownèd door ;
The snow-white fillet—like a silver stream
Now seen, now lost adown the mountain glen—
Circling the door-posts ; and the blazing lamps ;
And the proud couch upborne on ivory,
With gold and purple-blazoned vests o'erlaid ;
While the grave matron, pressing on the brow
The crown adorned with turrets, bears the bride
Swift o'er the untouched threshold to her home ;
Such things for brighter nuptials ; not for this !
Here no grave veil concealed her downcast looks,
Such as in aid of graceful bashfulness
Spreads its light covering o'er the gentle bride ;
No girdle checked her wanton drapery ;
No seemly necklace clasped her swelling neck ;
Thin veils, that clung beneath her shoulders, tied
Her naked arms, that pale and cold did seem

Sic, ut erat, mæsti servans lugubria cultûs,
Quoque modo natos, hoc est amplexa maritum.
Obsita funereâ celatur purpura lanâ.
Non soliti lusere sales ; nec more Sabino
Excepit tristis convicia festa maritus.
Pignora nulla domus, nullí coiere propinqui,
Junguntur taciti, contentique auspice Bruto.

To plead against such usage. She moved on
Thus, as she was, a mourning bride indeed,
And clasped her husband, as a mother clasps
The children of her bosom. The dark robe
Hid the bright purple in its gloomy folds.
Here were no wonted gibes ; the Sabine jests,
That need wild mirth and boisterous playfulness,
Tried not this bridegroom's patience. None were there ;
No friends, no kinsmen ; neither harp, nor song ;
Silence and dreariness alone were there ;
So wedded they alone and silently,
Content with Brutus' auspices.

1843.

FROM CASIMIR.

Super Rivulos Aquarum.

Casimir, *Epigram.* lib. i. 20.

Errabam nuper vitreas prope Thybridos undas,
 Quà solet ad scopulum naufraga lympa queri ;
 Dicebam " Mea lympa, meos lachrymeris amores,
 " Nam me jam lachrymæ destituere meæ.
 " O ! ego si possem fieri tam prodigus amnis,
 " Æternâ fluere pulchra per arva fugâ "—
 Hæc ego—sed tacitas suspendit lympa querelas ;
 In me mutari forsân et ipsa cupit.

TRANSLATED.

Of late by Thyber's glassy waves I strayed,
Where the hoarse stream a rock-chafed murmur made,
"And O! do thou lament my loves," said I;
"My tears have failed me, for their source is dry;
Could I, like thee, a stream exhaustless flow,
For ever 'plaining through the fields, I'd go."
The moaning ceased, the stream ran silently,
As though with joy 'twould change its lot with me.

1843.

FROM PHILEMON.

Passage in Clemens Alexandrinus. Strom. lib. v.

δει σὺ τοὺς θανόντας, ὦ Νικήρατε,
 τρυφῆς ἀπάσης μεταλαμβάνοντας ἐν βίῳ
 πεφευγέναι τὸ θεῖον ὡς λεληθότας ;
 ἔστιν Δίκης Οφθαλμός, ὃς τὰ πάνθ' ὁρᾷ.
 καὶ γὰρ καθ' Ἀδὴν δύο τρίβους νομίζομεν,
 μίαν δικαίων, χ' ἑτέραν ἀσεβῶν ἑδόν.
 εἰ γὰρ δίκαιος κ' ἀσεβῆς ἔξουσιν ἐν,
 ἡ γῆ δὲ κάλυψαι τοὺς δύο τῷ παντί χρονῶ,
 ἄρπαζ' ἀπελθὼν, κλέπτ, ἀποστέρει, κύκα.
 μηδὲν πλανηθῆς· ἔστιν κἀν Ἄδου κρίσις,
 ἣν περ ποιήσει Θεὸς, ὁ πάντων δεσπότης.
 οὐ τ' ὄνομα φοβερὸν, οὐδ' ἂν ὀνομόσαιμ' ἐγὼ.
 ὃς τοῖς ἀμαρτάνουσι, πρὸς μῆκος, βίον
 δίδωσι.

TRANSLATED.

Think'st thou, my friend, that those who pass away
Stall-fed through life with sloth and luxury
Escape the Godhead like forgotten men?
There is an Eye of Justice, Who sees all.
Yea, even in Hades' kingdom, we believe.
There are two paths to walk: the just by one
Move to their rest, the unrighteous keep the other.
For if there be but one for Good and Bad,
And Mother Earth holds both concealed for ever,
Go forth into the world and plunder, steal,
Filch from thy friend, and wallow in the stews!
O, be not so deceived. In those pale realms
There is a Judgement Day, which He shall hold,
He, God, the Lord of all things, Whose dread name
All fear, and erring mortals scarce dare utter;
Who to the impure awards an endless life
To live in unimaginable pains.

1846.

FROM UHLAND.

In biting want and poor estate
I live all desolate.
Yet still would keep my lot to bless
A true frankhearted cheerfulness.
Ah! once in my dear parents' house
A cherished happy child was I;
But carking fears and bitter tears
Are mine, since in the tomb they lie.

Rich men's fair gardens I behold,
With blooms and seeds of gold;
While down the barren way I go
Trodden for aye of pain and woe.
Yet in the crowd of happy men
I love to dwell with quiet sorrow,
And cheerly say, as on his way
Each goes, with kindly tones, "Good morrow."

And me, kind God, thou dost not leave
Without all joy to grieve.
Sweet comfort for each child of earth
Hither from high Heaven floweth forth;

In every village still there stands
God's holy house of ceaseless prayer,
And choral swells and pealing bells
Intone each hour upon the air.

Sun, moon, and stars on me still shine,
All full of love Divine,
And when the bells for Vespers toll
To Thee, great God, then speaks my soul.
And when with joy to saints the gates
Roll back of Thine eternal Hall,
I enter drest in wedding vest
And sit at Thine high festival.

1847.

FROM CATULLUS.

Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulchris
 Accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,
 Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
 Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias ;
 Certé non tanto mors immatura dolori est
 Quintiliæ, quantum gaudet amore tuo.

These lines from Catullus were sent to my father by Lord Denman after his retirement from the Bench, transcribed with his left hand, and with a request that my father would translate them. The verses on the opposite page were written in compliance with Lord Denman's wish.

TRANSLATED AND ADDED TO.

If aught of solace to the silent dead
 Spring haply from the pious tears we shed,
 Tender regrets which ancient loves renew,
 And tears unchecked which long-lost friends pursue ;
 Sure in thy love there's joy that overpays
 The pang she felt for intercepted days.
 Blest Faith, that takes the sting from sharpest grief,
 And soothes the widowed heart with sure relief ;
 Faith that immortal makes the earthly tie,
 Reveals communion sweet beyond the sky,
 And tells us that our consecrated tears
 May gem the glorious crown an angel wears.

J. T. C.

1853.



FROM WORDSWORTH.

Small service is true service while it lasts,
Of friends however humble scorn not one:
The daisy by the shadow that it casts
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

TRANSLATED.

Tu cave, quantumvis humilem asperneris amicum,
Sit tenue, at verum est, dum manet, officium.
Floris in exiguâ, quam circum projicit, umbrâ
Guttula Phœbeo tardior igne perit.

1855.

INSCRIPTION ON A BRASS IN WELLS
CATHEDRAL.

Deterior pars viva mei, meliorque sepulta est,
Ut peream, vivo; vivat ut ille, perit.
Terra, tibi hos cineres commendo meosque dolores,
Huic cineri donec tradar et ipsa cinis.
Optabit melius T.P. consanguineus.

TRANSLATED.

My worse part lives, my better buried lies;
My life is death, that he may live he dies.
To earth I trust these ashes and my woe,
Till to this dust I too as dust may go.
 'Tis thus disconsolate a widow sings.
 T.P. her consin hopes for better things.

1860.

FROM HOMER.

Iliad A, 43.

Ὡς ἔφατ' ἐυχόμενος τῶν δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
 βῆ δὲ κατ' Ὀυλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,
 τόξ' ὥμοισιν ἔχων ἀμφηρεφέα τε φαρέτρην.
 ἔκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' οἴστοι ἐπ' ὤμων χωομένοιο,
 αὐτῶν κινηθέντος· ὁ δ' ἦϊε νυκτὶ ἐοικώς.
 ἔζετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν, μετὰ δ' ἰὼν ἔηκεν·
 δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιῶιο.

TRANSLATED.

So spake he; but his prayers were heard by Phœbus
Apollo;
Down by the crags of Olympus the god came wrathful-
hearted,
Bearing his bow and his well-closed quiver across his
shoulders.
Surely the arrows clanged on his shoulders fiercely
wrathful,
Rattling stride by stride; but he, like Night, went
onward.
Then sat apart from the ships and drove in his arrow
amongst them,
And full of dread was the clang which came of the
silver bowstring.

1861.

ODYSSEY Δ 591.

καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατέρ' ἄλγέ ἔχοντα,
 λαῶν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρησιν.
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν, σκηριπτόμενος χερσὶν τε, ποσὶν τε,
 λαῶν ἄνω ὕθεσκε ποτι λόφον ἄλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
 ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότε' αποστρέψασκε κραταίῃς
 αὐτίς, ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λαῶς ἀναιδής.
 αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἄψ ὤσασκε τιταινόμενος, κατὰ δ' ἰδρὼς
 ἔρρεεν ἐκ μελέων, κονίη δ' ἐκ κρατὸς ὀρώρει.

TRANSLATED.

Sisyphus there I saw with his grievous task tormented,
Striving with both hands high to uplift his monstrous
boulder,
One while struggling strong, with hands, with feet stretched
stiffly,
Upwards still to the crest would he drive his rock, but
the instant
Just when the steep seemed gained, some huge force
hurling it backward,
Down to the plain, rolling over and over it recklessly
thundered.
Then stretched prone once more he shoved up the mass,
and his labour
Bathed his limbs with sweat, and his head with the dust
went reeking.

1863.

FROM S. T. COLERIDGE, &

Hymn to the Earth.

Earth ! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse
and the mother,
Hail, O goddess, thrice hail ! blest be thou, and blessing
I hymn thee,
Forth* ye sweet sounds from my harp ! and my voice
shall float on your surges !
Soar thou aloft, O my soul, and bear up my song on
your pinions !
Travelling the vale with mine eyes, green meadows, and
lake with green island
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing
in brightness,
Thrilled with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope
of the mountain,
Here, great mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on
thy bosom.

TRANSLATED.

Μήτηρ παίδων ἀναριθμήτων, γῇ μήτερ καὶ τροφὸς αὕτη,
 χαῖρε θεὰ χαῖρ' ἔνχαις ὑπ' ἐμοῦ μακαριζομένη πολυχόρ-
 δοις,

κιθάρας δ' ἱερᾶς μέλος ἐξηχῶι, φωνὴ δ' ἅμ' ἔποιτο ῥόοισιν,
 ἢ μῆ δ' υἷε πέτοιτο ψυχὴ καὶ εἶχοι τὸ μέλος μετέωρον.

Διαθρῶν ἄγκος, καὶ λειμώνας, καὶ τὴν λίμνην μελάνυδρον,
 νήσοις χλοεραῖς, ποταμόν τ' αὐγαῖς ἐν μαρμαρέαισι
 ῥέοντα,

κάλλει πληγέις καὶ ἔρωτι σέθεν βήσσαις ἐν ὀρῶν
 βαθυφύλλοις,

ἐν σοῖς κόλποις κεῖμαι, μήτερ, τεκνον ὥς, κεφαλὴν
 κατακλίνας.

FROM SHAKSPERE.

King Henry VI., Part 2, Act iii., Scene 2.

If I depart from thee I cannot live,
And in thy sight to die what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here I could breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe
Dying with mother's teat between its lips.

TRANSLATED.

Ου ζῆν ἔχω πότ' ἦν μ' ἀποστερῶ σέθεν,
 σοῦ δ' αὖ παρούσης κατθανεῖν, τί χεῖρον ἦν
 ἢ σαῖς καθεύδειν ἡσύχως ἐν ὠλέναις ;
 ψυχὴν δ' αὖ' ὧδ' ἐς αἰθέρ' ἐκπνέοιμ' ἐμὴν
 ἄπονός τε κἀψέφητος, ὡς νέον βρέφος
 τέθνηκε, μαζοῦς στόματι μητρῶους ἔχον.

FROM COLLINS.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mould ;
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

TRANSLATED.

Ὀλβιος ἡρώων θάνατος. τοὺς πατρίδος αἶα
 κόλπῳ ἔχει πάντων εὐχεσι θαλπομένους.
 εἶαρ ὅταν νοστῇ χερσὶν δροσεραῖσι κάτ' ἀγροῦς,
 χώμασι τῶνδ' ὅσίοις ποίκιλα δῶρα φέρον,
 τῇδε χλόην μαλακὴν κ' ἡδίονα θάλλει ἀρουραν
 ἢ ποθ' ὑπεστρώται τοῖς ποσὶ Φαντασίας.
 αἰθερία φόρμιγξ ὀλοφυρεται, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἦχος
 αἰθερίων φωνῶν θρήνον αἰιδομένων·
 Τιμὴ ἐκεῖ φοιτᾷ, ἐσθιμένη ὥς τις ὁδίτης,
 μνᾶμα χαριζόμεναι καὶ σπόδον, ἣν κατέχει. ἦ
 τῇδ' ἔτ' Ἐλευθερία ποτελεύσεται, ὥστ' ἔρημάς,
 εἰς τυμβὸν θαλερὸν δάκρυ χέουσα, μενεῖ.

1842.

FROM MILTON.

Comus.

Peace, brother! be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils.
For grant they be so, while the event's unknown,
Why should a man forestall his date of grief,
Or if they be but false alarms of fate,
How bitter is such self delusion.

TRANSLATED.

ὦ φεύγ' ἀδελφεὲ τῇδ' ἀκριβείᾳ φρενῶν
 τ' ἄδηλ' ἐρευνῶν, πῶι προβήσεται, κακὰ.
 κ' εἰ γὰρ τὸ μέλλον, ἐν χρόνῳ δ' ἤξει ποτὲ,
 τί δεῖ πρὸ καιροῦ τὰφανῇ στένειν μάτην;
 τὰ δ' αὖτ' ἄκραντα τῶν προβλημάτων, ὅσον
 ταραγμὸν ἐντίθησι καὶ λύπην πικράν.

COMUS. LADY.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit.

Comus. Imports their loss beyond the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

TRANSLATED.

Κώμος. Δέσποινα.

- Κώ.** τίς, ὦ φίλη δέσποινά σ' ἡρημοῦ τύχη;
Δές. ἀχλὺς τε δύσποροί τε τῶν δένδρων ὁδοί.
Κώ. τόδ' οὖν ὀδηγῶν τῶν πέλας σ' ἐνόσφισεν;
Δές. ἔλιπον γὰρ αὐτῶς μ' ἐν χλόῃ καθειμένην.
Κώ. φρενὸς δόλοισιν, ἧ τρόπων ἀγροικία;
Δές. ἄγκος σκοποῦντες, ψυχρὸν εἰ κρήνης ὕδωρ.
Κώ. δέμας καλὸν λίποντες ἀφύλακτον, γύναι;
Δές. ἦσαν δύω, δοκοῦντες ἀπονοστεῖν τάχα.
Κώ. ἴσως φθάνουσα νύξ ἔχει τούτων ποδάς.
Δές. ὡς εὐμαρὲς δῆτ' ἔστ' ἐμὸν τυχεῖν πάθος.
Κώ. ἀρ' οὖν ἀναγκῆς τῆσδε τάδε μέλει πέρα;
Δές. ἦσάν γ' ἀδελφοὶ πῶς ἂν οὐ κακὸν μέγα;
Κώ. ἀρ' ἄνδρες ἦσαν ἡ νέας ζωῆς ἀκμῇ;
Δές. ἄνευ ξυράς ἔχοντες, ὡς Ἑβῆς γενυν.

FROM EURIPIDES.

The Alcestis.

ἌΔΜΗΤΟΣ. ἈΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ. ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ΑΔ. ὄρθου πρόσωπον· μὴ λήπης παῖδας σέθεν.

ΑΔ. οὐ δῆθ' ἐκούσά γ' ἄλλα χαίρει' ὦ τέκνα.

ΑΔ. βλέψον πρὸς αὐτοὺς, βλέψον.

ΑΔ. οὐδέν εἰμ' ἔτι.

ΑΔ. τί δρᾷς; προλείπεις;

ΑΔ. χαῖρ.

ΑΔ. ἀπωλόμην τάλας.

ΧΟ. βέβηκεν, οὐκ' ἔτ' ἐστὶν Ἀδμήτου γυνή.

ΕΤΜΗΛΟΣ.

ἰὼ μοι τύχας· μαῖα δὴ κάτω

βέβακεν, οὐκέτ' ἐστὶν, ὦ

πάτερ, ὑφ' ἄλλῃ.

προλιπούσα δ' ἄμὸν

βίον ὠρφάνισεν τλάμων,

ἴδε γὰρ, ἴδε βλέφαρον, καὶ

παρατόνους χέρας.

ὑπάκουσον, ἄκουσον, ὦ

μᾶτερ, ἀντιάξω σ'

ἐγὼ σ' ἐγὼ, μᾶτερ,

νῦν γε καλοῦμαι, ὁ σὸς ποτὶ σοῖσι πί—

των στόμασιν νεοσσός.

TRANSLATED.

Admetus. Turn thy face hither; leave not thy children so.

Alcestis. Not with my will, yet fare ye well, my babes.

Admetus. Look, look upon them.

Alcestis. I am nothing now.

Admetus. What? Goest thou?

Alcestis. Farewell.

Admetus. Let me die too.

Chorus. Admetus' wife hath past, she is no more.

Eumelus. Ah, for my fate! to shades below,

My father! see my mother go,

She is no more beneath the sun,

Leaving me here, my race to run,

An orphan boy till life he done.

Ah! see her stiffening eyelids,

Look at her nerveless hands,

Hear me, oh hear, sweet mother,

The child that o'er thee stands.

I call to thee, my mother, yea I call:

A callow nestling on thy lips I fall.

ΑΔ. τὴν οὐ κλυούσαν, οὐδ' ὀρώσαν ὥστ' ἐγὼ
καὶ σφὼ βαρεῖα ξυμφορᾷ πεπλήγμεθα.

ΕΤ. νέος ἐγὼ, πάτερ, λειπομαι φίλας
μονόστολός τε ματρός· ὦ
σχέτλια δὴ παθὼν
ἐγὼ ἔργα . . .

.
σύ τε μοι, ξύγκασι, κούρα,

ξυνέτλας· ὦ πάτερ,

ἀνόνατ' ἀνόνατ' ἐνύμ—

φευσας, οὐδὲ γήρως

ἔβας τέλος ξὺν τᾷδ',

ἔφθιτω γὰρ πάρος, οἰχομένας δὲ σοῦ,

μᾶτερ, ὅλωλεν οἶκος.

Admetus. She hears thee not, nor sees thee : thus am I
And ye two smitten down with heaviest sorrow.

Eumelus. Ah, father ! I am left alone
So young, forlorn of mother's care,
The harsh things of the world to bear ;
Thou, maiden, too my lot must share
My sister, for her love is gone.
Father, all vain
The nuptial strain ;
In vain her bridegroom didst thou stand,
Hoping in vain that hand in hand
With her thou might'st attain old age,
The bourne of earthly pilgrimage..
For she first withering, in her swift decay,
The whole house perished as she past away.

1868.

THE DANAË.

Γύναι φίλον μὲν φέγγος ἡλίου τόδε,
 καλὸν δὲ πόντου χεῦμ' ἰδεῖν ἐνήμεμον,
 γῇ τ' ἡρινὸν θάλλουσα, πλόυσιον θ' ὕδωρ,
 πολλῶν τ' ἔπαινον ἔστι μοι λέξαι καλῶν·
 ἀλλ' οὐδεν ὅττω λαμπρὸν, οὐδ' ἰδεῖν καλόν,
 ὥς τοῖς ἄπαισι καὶ πόθῳ δεδηγμένοις
 παίδων νεογνῶν ἐν δόμοις ἰδεῖν φάος.

TRANSLATED.

Lady, the shining Sun indeed is dear,
 Lovely the Sea Flood, when the breeze is fair,
 The earth with its spring bloom, the wealth of water,
 Yea I speak praise of all things beautiful.
 But there is nought so bright, so fair to see,
 As to men childless, heartworn with desire,
 The light of new-born babes about their home.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Lady, the shining Sun is sweet indeed,
 And beautiful to see the Ocean flood
 When winds breathe soft, Earth with the bloom of Spring,
 The wealth of water ; yea the voice of praise
 I utter for a thousand lovely things.
 But nought so radiant nor so fair to see
 As light of new-born babes about the house
 To childless men, heartworn with long desire.

January, 1878.

THE ANDROMEDA.

*Τὴν τοι Δίκην λέγουσι παῖδ' εἶναι Διὸς,
ἐγγυς τε ναλεῖν τῆς βροτῶν ἁμαρτίας.*

THE POLYIDUS.

*Τίς οἶδεν εἰ το ζῆν μὲν ἔστι κατθανεῖν,
τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν ;*

TRANSLATED.

They say that Justice is the child of God,
And that she dwells hard by the sin of man.

1878.

TRANSLATED.

Who knows if living be indeed to die ?
And Death be Life ?

1878.

AN OLD RHYME.

Earth goeth on Earth glistering with gold ;
Earth cometh to Earth sooner than it wold ;
Earth buildeth on Earth high walls and towers,
Earth sayeth to Earth, "All shall be ours."

TRANSLATED.

*Χθὼν χρυσῷ λάμπουσα καὶ ἀργύρῳ ἐν Χθονὶ βάνει,
 θᾶσσόν τ' ἢ ν' ἔθελαι Χθὼν Χθόν' ἀφικνέεται.
 Χθὼν Χθόνι τ' οἰκοδομεῖ πύργους αἰπεινά τε τέιχη,
 Χθὼν Χθονί τ' ἐξείπεν "πάντα τὰδ' ἔσται ἐμοί."*

Terra suprâ Terram it gemmis auroque refulgens;
 Quam velit in Terram Terra venit citius.
 Terrâ Terra locat turres et mœnia celsa;
 Terra ait ad Terram, "Hæc omnia nostra voco."

1878.

JACOBITE EPIGRAM.

God bless the King, God bless the Faith's Defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender ;
But who is the Pretender, and who King—
God bless us all, that's quite another thing.

TRANSLATED.

Dii justo faveant Deæque Regi !
Neque a Diis bona cuncta sit pudori
Falsi Principis in caput vocare.
Sed an legitimus sit hic an ille,
An sit Rex simulatus hic an ille,
Res plena est aleæ periculosæ,
Et, (sic Dii faveant Deæque nobis)
Nollem dicere, disputare nollem.

May 1866.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EPIGRAMS.

The King observing with discerning eyes
 The state of both his Universities,
 To Oxford sent a troop of horse—for why?
 That learned body wanted loyalty—
 To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
 How much that loyal body wanted learning.

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
 For Tories own no argument but force;
 To Cambridge with like wisdom books he sent,
 For Whigs allow no force but argument.



TRANSLATED.

Regia musarum inspiciens vigilantia sedes,
Quam bene composuit munus utrique suum !
Granta, tuos libris prudens ditavit alumnos,
Militis armati te, Rhedycina, manu.
Huic nempè obsequium, sapientia defuit illi ;
Floruit hæc doctis, altera mancipiis.

Rex ideo turmis Rhedycinam implevit et armis
Quod vires istic pro ratione valent.
Granta, tuas libris implevit amantior aulas,
Quod tibi pro summis viribus est ratio.

HELLUO LIBRORUM.

I shaped
The Ancient College Legend into this.

Olim erat, antiquo si fas est credere vati,
 Quà ditat Rhedycinam Isidos unda suam,
 Qui Shotoverensem saltum, Rhedyciniaque arva
 Devastare avidâ fauce solebat aper.
 Cædere plebs tentat, strepitu sed tentat inani;
 Dente viros sternit, dissipat ore canes.
 Quid faciant? Quem non validorum turba virorum,
 Quem non mille canes, stravit Aristoteles.
 Vir fuit, antiquâ Reginæ nomine in Aulâ,
 Usque terens veteres nocte dieque libros;
 Solus, inermis, inops apri ad certamina tendit,
 Solus, sed socius fertur Aristoteles.
 Irruit impavidus, (spectat plebs ægra ruentem,)
 Tam bene cœlati nescius ille doli.
 Scintillant oculi, et stillantes sanguine rictus
 Pandit, et albenti corripit ore librum.
 Extemplo occumbit, vitamque effundit in auras,
 Namque auræ ingressum denegat iste liber.
 Sic qui sæpe canes, pecudesque, hominesque vorarat,
 Helluo Aristotelem tentat, et emoritur.

1839.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

'Αἰ τρισσάι ποτε παῖδες ἐν ἀλλήλαισιν ἔπαιζον
 κλήρῳ, τις προτέρῃ βήσεται εἰς 'Αἶδην—
 καὶ τρεῖς μὲν χειρῶν ἔβαλον κυβον, ἦλθε δὲ πασῶν
 ἐς μίαν· ἡ δ' ἐγέλα κλήρον ὀφειλόμενον.
 ἐκ τέγεος δ' ἄρ' ἄελπτον ἀπωλίσθησε πέσημα
 δύσμορος· ἐς δ' 'Αἶδην ἦλυθεν ὡς ἔλαχεν.
 ἀψευδὴς ὁ κλήρος ὅτῳ κακόν—ἐς δὲ τὸ λῶον
 οὔτ' εὐχαὶ θνητοῖς ἔυστοχοί, οὔτε χέρες.

TRANSLATED.

Tres olim inter se talis lusere puellæ,
 Quæ prior ad tristes esset itura deos ;
 Ter talos misere manu ; sors semper eidem
 Obtigit ; infaustas risit at illa minas ;
 Risit ; at a tuto mox præcipitata repentè
 Fatale explevit flebilis augurium.
 Sic Fortuna fidem servat mala ; prospera vero
 Quam raro assequimur sorte, labore, prece.

γ.

Ἄτθι κόρα μελίθρεπτε, λάλος λάλον ἀρπάξασα
 τέττιγα πτανοῖς δαῖτα φέρεις τέκεσιν;
 τὸν λάλον ἃ λαλόεσσα, τὸν ἔνπτερον ἃ πτερόεσσα,
 τὸν ξένον ἃ ξείνα, τὸν θερινὸν θερινὰ;
 κ' οὐχὶ τάχος ῥίψεις; ὅν γὰρ θέμις οὐδὲ δίκαιον,
 ὄλλυσθ' ὕμνοπόλους ὕμνοπόλοις στόμασιν.

TRANSLATED.

α Cecropi, pasta favis, arguta in arguta cicadam
 Corruptam pullis fersne, puella, dapem?
 Pennigera alati, mortem struis hospitis hospes,
 Æstiva æstivi, garrula multiloqui?
 Ah! cito projicias! neque fas, Philomela, neque æquum est,
 Ut cantatores ora canora vorent.

γ.

FROM THE COMTESSE DE LA FERRONAYE.

Perles symboles des larmes ! Perles larmes de la mer !
 Recueillies avec larmes au fond de ses abîmes ; portées
 souvent avec larmes au milieu des plaisirs du monde,
 quittées aujourd'hui avec larmes dans la plus grande des
 douleurs terrestres, allez enfin sécher des larmes en vous
 changeant en pain.

TRANSLATED.

Pearls by nature wrought to be,
 Symbols of the tears we shed,
 Tear-drops of the moaning sea
 Rained upon his rocky bed ;
 Snatched with tears from Ocean's treasures,
 Worn with tears mid worldly pleasures :

Darkest depths of human woe
 Close around my shattered heart,
 Tears have flowed and tears must flow,
 So in tears I bid you part ;
 That some fewer tears be shed,
 Go, and change yourselves to bread.

γ.

AN OLD-MAN'S HENDECASYLLABLES.

Senectute latus.

Obrepens tacito levique passu,
 Non ingrata nec invenusta prorsus
 Pulchritudine sed tuâ decora,
 Succedis domui, Senecta, nostræ.
 Salve, sanctior hospes, et mearum
 Posthac quotquot erunt comes dierum !
 Quid, quod me renuit choræa dulcis
 Et coetus juvenum procaciorum ?
 Quod sit mens hebeti retusa sensu,
 Abruptisque sodalibus relictus
 Stem mecum meditans, ut alta rupes,
 Quæ circumspiciens maris tumultus
 Noctu, sola, silens, videtur alium
 Expectare novæ jubar diei ?
 At non omnia perdididi, nec omnes :
 Me cœli facies, novoque vere
 Tellus innumero implicata flore,
 Me mulcet volucrum cadente sole
 Submissum arborea melos sub umbra.
 Mulcent me unus et alter, eriguntque,
 Quos mecum pueros senesque mecum
 Dulci firmus amor ligat catena.

Atqui, ô si potero, Pater benigne,
Pro tantis meritis referre grates,
Conjux optima restat, et propago
Vitâ carior, et corona vitæ.
Nec me certa latet comes senectæ
Humano metuenda mors timore :
At sperare licet, licet decetque ;
Fidentesque Deo ibimus per umbras,
Ibimus per iter tenebricosum,
Quo tu, Christe Redemptor, anteisti,
Mortem morte domans, tuoque amore
In cœlos homini viam recludens.

J. T. C.

1864.

**RECORDS OF LOVE AND
DEATH.**

*O vita ! O lacrymis rara intermixta voluptas !
 Ecquid habes aded miræ dulcedinis, ut te
 Lætentur concessâ homines, lacrymentur adeptâ ?
 Cerne locupletes jactataque gaudia Regum !
 Nonne velut gravibus jumenta onerata metallis
 Per vitæ acclivem titubant sub pondere callem,
 Donec in æterno Mortis deponere portu
 Concedat merces Libitina ? Superbia laurûs,
 Fama immortalis, diademata, pompa triumphî,
 Ecquid habent in se mirabile vel cupiendum ?*

1838.

*What time the mighty moon was gathering light,
 Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
 And all about him rolled his lustrous eyes ;
 When, turning round a cassia, full in view
 Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
 And talking to himself first met his sight :
 " You must begone," said Death, " these walks are mine."
 Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight ;
 Yet ere he parted said, " This hour is thine ;
 " Thou art the shadow of Life, and as the tree
 " Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
 " So in the light of great Eternity
 " Life eminent creates the shade of Death ;
 " The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
 " But I shall reign for ever over all."*

Tennyson.

**CONJUGI SANCTÆ DILECTÆ
INFELIX ET INDIGNUS CONJUX**

1878.

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight.

Wordsworth.

She knows not and shall never know
 How in her sight my pulses glow,
 She dreams not as she moves along
 In gentle beauty, what a throng
 Of hopes and passions stir my mind,
 Vain hopes and passions undefined :
 Yearnings that must not be expressed,
 But rive with stormy throes the breast.

Her laughing eyes, and golden tresses,
 Her lips that tell of soft caresses,
 Her playful smile, her buoyance wild,
 Bespeak the gentle mirthful child ;
 But in her forehead's broad expanse
 Her chastened tones, her thoughtful glance.
 Is mingled with the child's light glee
 The modest maiden's dignity.

Peace, peace be o'er thee, maiden dear,
 From me thou hast no cause to fear,
 No hasty word, no look of mine
 Shall ever mar thy calm divine ;

Enshrined within my inmost heart
 And of my being made a part,
 Thou art a blessing rich to me,
 While I should be a curse to thee.

With thee, sweet sister of my friend,
 My holiest, purest thoughts I blend;
 My heart thou know'st not; never sigh
 Shall show my love to thy keen eye.
 Thou, like a star, apart shalt stay
 To guide, not join me, on my way;
 I would not ask of thee to share
 A narrow lot, a life of care.

Should Fortune smile upon my toil,
 My seeds be shed on kindly soil,
 Should flowery paths conduct my feet
 To some secure yet bright retreat,
 Then might I dare the boon to ask
 In sunshine of thy love to bask,
 And think all mortal bliss were won
 With thee to live and die alone.

1843.

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET."

F. W. C. ob. in Fest. S. Marci, 1843.

Sweets to the sweet ! we strew these fragrant flowers,
 Thou bright and lovely boy,
 In memory of thy childhood's blooming hours,
 Thy freshness and thy joy.
 They fade with thee, my brother ; with the earth
 Both mingle ; they and thou :
 They when they die shall own no second birth ;
 Thou livest, aye, even now.
 True, that within the dank and darksome grave
 Thy mortal robes decay ;
 True, that the worms their ghastly meal shall have,
 Where smiles were wont to play.
 Thou art not truly there ; among the blest
 (God grant me not o'er bold)
 In white-robed bliss, in deep and tranquil rest,
 Thy spirit is enrolled.
 And though the odours from these earthly blooms
 Grow faint full soon, and die ;
 Ceaseless and strong exhale the rich perfumes
 Of angel sanctity.
 Sweets to the sweet ! thy flower-strewn corse we leave
 In sorrow, not despair,
 In reverent hope that God may us receive
 With Thee to blossom There.

1843.

Amissos queritur foetus.

Virgil.

Twelve rapid months have run their race
Since first I gazed upon thy face,
And learned the thrilling pains to prove,
The passionate joys, of secret love.
Oh, bright was then thy sunny smile!
Now it is darkened for awhile!
Yet though a cloud is on thy brow,
In sorrow passing fair art thou.

Death hath been rife amongst us; yea,
Our loveliest flowers are swept away.
A beautiful and loving child,
A noble youth, pure, bright, and mild,
Ere the first bloom from life was taken,
Or the light leaves by rough winds shaken,
Each one a brother fondly loved
A pitying God from earth removed.

Closed are the eyes that beamed so brightly,
Hushed are the tones that chimed so lightly;
No more their face, or form, or voice
Shall warm and loving hearts rejoice,

Yes, they have left us ; they are gone
To dim mysterious realms, unknown
Save to the eagle eye of Faith,
Piercing the shadowy veil of Death.

Yet 'tis not a presumptuous dream
That now Heaven's glories on them beam,
That they beneath the Altar rest
In tranquil contemplation blest ;
And though on Jesu's presence fed,
(O speak with reverence of the Dead !)
May yet unseen, in joy or woe,
Float near their loved ones here below.

Yes, they are near us, in the night
They come in visions sad or bright ;
Gleams but half seen, and sounds half heard,
And passionate yearnings inly stirred,
Speak to the heart in accents clear,
Reveal their spirits hovering near,
From those they cherish absent never,
But to the holiest nearest ever.

Nor deem it an unhallowed prayer,
That they this heavenly watch may share ;
My brother's soul o'er thee may bend,
And thine o'er me, his reverent friend ;

So shall there be 'twixt me and thee
Communion, though in mystery,
A chain that never shall be broken,
Though few the words between us spoken.

That chain shall never broken be
Which binds my inmost heart to thee;
Another's is thy love's rich glow,
And me thou lovest not; be it so:
I would not with my poor distress
Infect thy cup of happiness;
Nought, dearest, shall betray my grief,
That desolate void which scorns relief.

1844.

Oh, never say that I was false of heart !
 Though absence seemed my flame to qualify ;
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.

Shakspere, *Sonnets*, cix.

I never spoke my love to thee,
 My heart thou canst not know,
 No passionate sigh e'er burst from me
 My silent grief to show ;
 I dare not tell thee what I feel,
 I dare not let my looks reveal
 The thoughts that in me glow ;
 And yet 'tis hard when thou art by,
 With the mild magic of thine eye.

And did I in thy presence stand,
 My pain I could not speak,
 To mar thy gentle self command,
 To flush thy blushing cheek ;
 But since, my love, thou'rt far away,
 And know'st me not, I dare to say
 That I thy love would seek,
 If such as I might fitly sue
 One good as thee and fair and true.

o

Ask me not why I write this verse
 That she will never read,
 The blithe lark doth his songs rehearse
 In the sky where none can heed ;
 The nightingale pipes forth as strong
 To moon and stars her lavish song ;
 And 'tis an ancient creed
 That grief indulged will milder grow,
 And mine would fain be lightened so.

Not grief, I would not call it grief,
 I would not wish it less ;
 For thoughts of her are sweet relief,
 They ever come to bless ;
 Perchance 'tis sad to hope no more
 Than at meet distance to adore
 Her passing loveliness ;
 But who by this would loftier be
 He must not grudge the penalty.

Ah ! it is well that I have loved,
 Though I have loved in vain ;
 I would not have one thrill unproved
 Of all the bliss and pain.

For those fair visions of delight,
 Though they have passed with hasty flight,
 Yet memory will remain,
 And even to die were better far
 Than not have known that such things are.

Yes, dearest, joys of days gone by,
 And hopes of days to come,
 Like sunbeams in a cloudy sky
 Like lamps amid the gloom,
 Shall light an else-bedarkened scene
 Shall make else-withering flowers be green,
 And find with thee their home.
 I may not speak, yet all unknown
 My heart shall follow thee alone.

Where'er I go, howe'er I fare
 Thy form is with me still,
 And, must it cease my heart to share
 Nought else its place shall fill.
 Ah, love, that thou could'st only guess
 The deep strong thoughts, which to express
 Were waywardness of will !
 Canst thou not read them ? ruthless fate
 May bring discernment all too late.

For oh ! in love how hard 'twould be
To see thee blithe and gay ;
Woe's me ! I could not patiently
Behold my hope's decay.
For thou hast been a heavenly birth
To hallow all my thoughts of earth :
And wert thou ta'en away,
I'd strive to meekly bear the blow,
But sure it were a crushing woe.

1844.

εἰ δὲ πρὸς τούτοις ἔτι τελευτήσει τὸν βίον ἔνδρος ἐκείνος τὸν σὺ
ζητεῖς ὄλβιος καταλῆσθαι ἄξιός ἐστι.

Herodotus.

Said I my Muse henceforth should sleep?
And I unbroken silence keep?
Said I my rhymes away were flung,
My flame was dead, my lyre unstrung?
In truth I said so, Love; but lo!
Unbidden strains will burst and flow,
Another year hath past, and now
We are together, I and thou.

We are together; day by day
The blissful moments roll away;
Each with its high and holy pleasure,
Still raising that unnumbered treasure
Of memories sweet, and hopes fulfilled
Which all too blest I've loved to build,
Since that soft eve of summer weather
When thou and I were bound together.

I never thought to speak my love,
I never thought thy heart to move,
But high resolves and barriers strong
Love's mighty torrent swept along;

Then burst the secret from my heart,
 And we I deemed for aye must part;
 Couldst thou so fair, so high and pure,
 A common thing like me endure?

My gentle one! 'twas hard in me
 To stir thy deep serenity,
 To bid the storms of passion roll
 O'er the still waters of thy soul.
 And, startled thus, with shrinking fears,
 And doubts, and sad reluctant tears,
 Thou didst half yield my heart to bless,
 Snared by thine own meek tenderness.

So, then, our love no fate can sever,
 And thou and I are one for ever.
 Blent in a sweet accord are we,
 As strings that thrill with sympathy.
 Come sprightliest scenes, or sorrows holy,
 Or mirth, or gentle melancholy;
 The prize is gained, the goal is won,
 My first, last love, thou art mine own!

Ah! dearest, shall I tell thee more
 Thoughts to our souls well known before?
 The unruffled saintly calm of thine,
 The deep and reverent love of mine,

The nameless change, which since that hour
Came o'er me with resistless power ;
Airs that, half felt but half unnoted,
Like angel music, round me floated.

No. I have not the power, nor will,
The deepest love is silent still.
Only, through me may no sad gloom
O'er thy free spirit ever come.
Live as thou hast lived, pure and bright
My sun by day, my moon by night,
With nought to cloud thy gladsome years
Save bashful grief and blissful tears.

1845.

Words though from earth they fly away,
 Yet perish not, nor lose themselves in space,
 But bend their course towards eternity,
 And roost beneath the Judgement-seat of God.

Sir Henry Taylor, *Isaac Comnenus*.

I look upon my love's soft eyes
 And yet my heart is sad ;
 At her sweet bidding smiles arise,
 I cannot yet be glad :
 For that I rudely dared to press
 On her heart's shrinking tenderness.
 How sad that word of mine should scare
 The holy peace of one so fair !

O bitter thought that I should show
 A poor, irreverent heart,
 Unworthy even when months ago
 I knew thee but in part.
 Was, then, my sweet lore all in vain ?
 And was it I that gave thee pain ?
 Yes ; in rough heedlessness from me
 Sped forth the dart that wounded thee.

Ah me ! I dare not lowly kneel
 And pray to be forgiven.
 Thou wouldst indeed my sorrow feel
 And grant the boon like Heaven.

But thou withal wouldst vainly try
Thy love's ill action to deny ;
And taking to thyself the blame,
Wouldst crush my very heart with shame.

O ! think not that I know thee less,
Deem not my love less true ;
My very bliss brought thoughtlessness,
And made me selfish too.

Ah ! dearest, none but thou can'st know
How deep, how abject were my woe,
If once heart-cheered by love like thine
I were cast out unloved to pine !

1845.

Love ye wisely, love ye well,
Challenge then the gates of Hell.

Sir Henry Taylor, *Edwin the Fair*.

O, listen, dearest ! to thine ear
I fain would speak this blithe New Year ;
To thee my happiest thoughts belong,
For thee alone this grateful song.
O, listen ! while I whisper lowly
Rude snatches of love, deep and holy.
The New Year calls me to confess,
And thank thee for my blessedness.

Sweet love ! for all this year hath brought,
My purer mind, my loftier thought,
My deeper bliss, as hour by hour
I yield me to thy gentle power ;
For nobler hopes, for manlier ways,
Take, sainted one, my reverent praise,
And humblest love, and worship true ;
Take them, they are most justly due.

On that fair brow, as pure as Heaven,
Some marks of care my sins have graven ;
And tears have filled those deep soft eyes,
Which I (unblest !) have caused to rise.

Ah me ! that e'er it should be so.
 I never meant to work thee woe ;
 But all the care and strife are thine,
 The comfort and the joy are mine.

How shall I pay thee? Boundless love,
 Deep, tender, humble, thou shalt prove.
 All that a poor, weak heart can give
 Is thine, meek maiden, while we live.
 And well thou know'st that saints on earth
 Walk hardly from their earliest birth ;
 Thy crosses make thee like to them,
 Thy torn heart is a diadem.

And yet I know thou lov'st me still,
 Forgiv'st me all thy care and ill ;
 Sometimes wilt lean upon my breast,
 As though my love could give thee rest.
 O awful station ! I, to be
 The chosen friend of Saint like thee !
 God grant me strength, lest this delight,
 So large, so deep, o'erwhelm me quite.

And He will grant it ; day by day
 He hears me as I humbly pray.
 I'll hold thee for a treasure given,
 With reverent thankfulness, from Heaven.

Thou shalt be happy ; gentlest love
On sleepless wings shall round thee move.
And God will bless us, kneeling there
In trembling hope, and loving fear.

1846.

Felices ter et amplius
 Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
 Divulsus querimoniis
 Suprema citius solvit amor die.

Horace.

This morn must not ungreeted pass away,
 (Though poor and harsh the lay),
 Whereon was blended with the lover's claim
 The husband's holier name;
 Whereon began a year of boundless joy,
 Profoundest happiness without alloy.

And yet, how shall I speak? The deepest vow
 Were but a falsehood now.
 What can I say to thee? O noblest wife!
 O idol of my life!
 How should the heart which turns to thee alone
 From the whole world make all its fulness known?

I can but gaze upon thy deep clear eyes,
 Mark thine unsorrowing sighs;
 Lay down my head upon thy gentle breast,
 Or lull thee to thy rest.
 Drink the rich music of thy silver voice,
 And thank my God in silence and rejoice.

Hopes perish in fulfilment. Mine are dead ;
 Yea, even desire hath fled ;
 In speechless bliss life's current day by day
 Rolls calmly on its way,
 Fanned by the breezes of Immortal Love,
 The ethereal element in which we move.

Sweet Saint ! How can I pay thee honour true ?
 How give thee reverence due ?
 Too pure, too beautiful for mortal birth,
 Too gentle for this earth,
 How can I dare to count thee for mine own,
 Half fit even now to fill an Angel's throne ?

Forgive me, sweet one, all thy cares and fears !
 Forgive me for thy tears !
 Forgive my chilling ways ! O, hear me pray
 For thee, blest wife, this day !
 O, hear my inmost heart's deep-breathèd vow !
 My only love, my only joy art thou.

1847.

There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,
 No languor, no dejection, no dismay,
 No absence scarcely can there be, for those
 Who love as we do.

Wordsworth.

While I lie waiting for the weary day
 All through the silent flowings of the night,
 Thou art the Star, whose keen, resplendent ray,
 Enkindles the dim chamber into light.
 While my soul faints with thankless, hopeless toil,
 As a dry field in summer's parching skies,
 Thou steep'st it, as sweet showers the thirsty soil,
 In heavenliest hopes and strange felicities.
 O! chide not, that with words I strive to reach
 The depth and compass of my passionate love;
 To express, ah me! how vain is mortal speech!
 What is enthroned all earthly thoughts above;
 Strong as the sun which Heaven with splendour fills,
 Fixed as the bases of the ancient hills.

There, there. I have said nothing, nothing told
 Of that vast love which in my heart abides;
 All spoken thoughts seem passionless and cold
 To those which throb along its bounding tides.
 It is as well; for as the gift of tears
 Hath not been granted to the deepest grief,
 Those are the greatest thoughts, which no man hears;
 Profoundest love, that which hath no relief.

It is as well: I could not tell to any
All that thou hast been, that thou art, to me;
It were unmeet to utter to the many
The priceless debt my poor soul owes to thee;
Therefore to thy sweet service, gentlest wife,
In silence do I consecrate my life.

1848.



Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

Wordsworth.

O grieve not that thou art not made
 In the world's eyes to glitter bright !
 Fair flowers, that flourish in the shade,
 Die in the sun's fierce light.

Those only who have eagles' wings
 On their lone eyries dare intrude ;
 The bird, whose song is loveliest, sings
 At night, in solitude.

The noblest souls still dwell apart ;
 The charms are base which all may see ;
 Be thou the sun of one fond heart !
 What is the world to thee ?

1848.

O felix hominum genus !
 Si vestros animos amor,
 Quo cœlum regitur, regit.

Boethius.

These be the words by Hugh to Hilda spoken
 On bended knees, in tones subdued and broken.

The year is gone, my blessed wife,
 Hark to the knell which tolls his death !
 So nearer comes the end of life,
 Time draws another breath ;
 And ere he breathes again, may we
 By pitiless death dissevered be.

Years do not die and spring for nought,
 God marks the seasons as they roll ;
 'Tis time for sad and chastening thought,
 For penitential dole.

Hilda ! even thou hast sinned : and I
 Have stained my robes with blackest dye.

A man untrue, unholy, all
 Thy husband, Hilda, should not be,
 Our Dear Lord's foe, but Satan's thrall
 Thou dost behold in me.
 Woe, woe, the love of one so vile
 Even thy bright nature doth defile.

'Tis but the very truth I speak ;
 Thou know'st it, Hilda, know'st it well ;
 Aye, even on thee so pure, so meek,
 Hath fallen my blighting spell.
 Help, help, good Angels ! Help, Great Lord !
 Save me, Sweet Spirit ! Save, Dread Word !

And ever from this solemn hour
 May pure thoughts dwell my soul within !
 Shield me, O Lord, from Satan's power,
 From taint of deadly sin !
 And, Hilda, thou true helpmate be !
 Tame my fierce spirit, pray for me !

So earthly love may lead to Heaven,
 So duties may be easier done ;
 So, whether death or life be given,
 For ever we are one.
 So may we rise with glad accord,
 When Michael's trump proclaims the Lord.

1849.

Naturam in rebus nil fecisse melius quam noctem puto.

Quercius.

My soul flies forth upon the wings of night,
 Floats o'er the couch whereon thou liest asleep,
 Enfolds thee close, and on thine inward sight,
 In softly soothing visions fain would creep.
 It yearns for thee, true wife, at this dread season
 Which bears the old year to the tomb of Time,
 Yearns to kneel down to thee with deepest reason
 To pray thy pardon with the New Year's Prime.
 How much I owe thee none can know but I,
 How ill I pay thee none can guess but thou,
 Yet wilt thou hear my keen repentant cry,
 Mine is thy heart's full treasure even now.
 Blest wife, sweet mother, mine whate'er betides ;
 Years roll and die, our love unchanged abides.

1852.

Mittit, et optat amans, quo mittitur ire, salutem.

Ovid.

A husband to a wife one New Year's Day
Sent a small book and said this little say :

Did the great East beneath my sway bow down,
Had I the Persian crown,
Heaps of red gold nor gems of dazzling ray
My debt could pay.

Dwelt on my lips enthroned the tuneful Nine,
Were Shakspeare's numbers mine,
Yet none even so thy truth's unbounded treasure,
Could justly measure.

Were my heart large as Holy Saints' of old,
Its depths of love untold,
It were all poor beside that fathomless sea
Of love in thee.

A little book, rough lines, a dull mean heart
Is all I can impart.
O, take them. I am thine ; receive thy thrall,
My life, mine all.

1854.

IN MEMORIAM

F.G.C.

PATRUI OPTIMI CARISSIMI.

Sunt aliquid Manes ; letum non omnia finit.

Propertius.

All night they stood around the bed
 To watch the spirit flying,
 All day their tears they silent shed
 As he was slowly dying ;
 O dark the room ! O sad the gloom !
 Where he we loved is lying.

All fair without, all bright above,
 The sun in Heaven shines clear ;
 The trees and flowers all speak of love,
 They speak, and we can hear ;
 While he whose heart they deepest move
 Lies cold upon his bier.

He felt the fairness of the place,
 The beauty of the time,
 But left it all without one trace
 Of sadness, in his prime ;
 For gales from Eden fanned his face
 And he heard the Seraphs' chime.

He saw the Angels standing by
 And Christ the Lord of all,
 He shed no tear, he breathed no sigh,
 No doubts could him appal ;
 On Christ indeed his soul did feed,
 To Christ his heart did call.

In gentlest sort his prayers were heard,
 God's arm his mind upheld.
 He spoke, and at each solemn word
 Our hearts to bursting swelled ;
 No visions foul obscured his soul,
 No pangs his spirit quelled.

High thoughts, kind words to all he said,
 Affection's tenderest spring
 On all he loved its waters shed
 With wisest ministering ;
 No thought of all his long death-bed
 But will true comfort bring.

O Death itself was sweet and mild
 As all his life had been !
 He lay down like his own young child
 At night, in faith serene
 That darkness gone, the glorious sun
 Would wake him with his sheen.

And who would call him back to life?
 Who break his calm repose?
 Or rouse him to domestic strife,
 Which poisons as it grows,
 To carking cares, and lingering fears,
 And heart-consuming woes?

We toil and fret ; but he is still ;
 Go weep ; but not for him.
 Weep for yourselves, bewail your ill,
 Weep till your eyes are dim ;
 Then lay your dead in the narrow bed
 With solemn prayer and hymn.

Lay him beside that grand old pile
 He loved in life so well,
 On whose bright vault and gleaming aisle
 His heart rejoiced to dwell,
 Where with the breeze his own dear trees
 Sing to him in his cell.

So from the grave wherein he lies
 The tree of love may grow,
 Its branches spread, its stem arise
 Whatever storms may blow ;
 And its delightful shade comprise
 All whom he loved below.

For he, be sure, is with you yet ;
 He sees your grief and joy ;
 For you did all (can he forget ?)
 His tenderest love employ ;
 And aught of ill in deed or will
 May his pure soul annoy.

O strive the chains of sin to break !
 O pray to God with me
 To grant us, for His Son's dear sake,
 With him we loved to be,
 (The veil uprolled, the mystery told,)
 Beside the Crystal Sea !

1854.

THE ROSE.

Ῥόδον, ὃ φέριστον ἄνθος·

Ῥόδον, ἵαρος μέλημα·

Ῥόδα καὶ θεοῖσι τερπνά.

Anacreon.

When I went wandering on my way,
In early youth's delightful day,
Unmated and alone :
In a close-sheltered nook of ground
A shy half-opening Rose I found,
And longed to make my own.

The delicate beauty of the bloom
Made glad my heart ; the rich perfume
With fragrance filled the air ;
To me though skies and sea were blue,
And bright the garden where she grew,
The Rose alone was fair.

I went ; but still the lovely Flower
Dwelt in my soul with gentle power,
Was with me night and day ;
In vain against her might I strove,
She ruled with sweetest tenderest love,
But with resistless sway.

Once more I came, resolved to bear
 The Rose from her pure island air
 To light my murky home ;
 The silent Flower no word replied,
 Her look, methought, but half denied,
 Therefore I bade her come.

And so I won my darling prize !
 I bore her home to feast my eyes,
 With joy my heart to fill :
 And there for many a weary day
 She bloomed to chase all care away ;
 Sweet Rose ! She blooms there still.

And lo ! a wonder, from her stem
 A garland like a diadem
 Grew on my raptured sight ;
 The Lily fair, the Harebell pale,
 The bright eyed Daisy fresh and hale,
 A garland of delight.

From her they grew, to her they clung,
 The matron Rose above them hung,
 As fondest mothers do.
 O darling Rose ! O precious wreath !
 A life is in the air I breathe,
 Which it derives from you.

My Rose upon my heart I bound,
 My three flowers in a wreath I wound,
 And twined them in my hair ;
 And now the heaviest toil is light,
 And now the darkest gloom is bright,
 Because my Flowers are there.

Thus, then, we live, my Flowers and I,
 Nor can my joy for ever die,
 Till God shall bid us part ;
 For, whatsoever path I tread,
 I wear the Garland on my head,
 The Rose upon my heart.

1858.

With every thing that pretty bin
 My lady sweet arise !
~~Startle.~~

Awake sweet love ! The sun is high
 No more in slumber's soft embraces lie !
 Look up my wife. Thy lover calls.
 See at thy feet thy reverent husband falls.
 To-day for us joy's stream began to flow
 Twelve years ago.

Twelve years ago ! O happy time !
 O blessed music of that bridal chime !
 Then thou, my gentle one, didst come
 Clad in meek beauty to thy husband's home,
 Then first I learned how vast life's bliss may be
 Fair wife from thee.

Vast but unbroken has it been ;
 All light, all warmth, with no cold shades between :
 I have no life but in thy love,
 I have no joys but those with thee I prove,
 In deep content no happiness I crave,
 Save that I have.

Thou art my sun! O shine for ever!
 Thou art my breath of life, O leave me never!
 Ah nevermore to those soft eyes
 Shall my rough ways cause bitter tears to rise!
 Pardon, young mother, let our babes with thee
 Still plead for me.

Ah yes! Thou lovest me still, I know,
 What are mere words my utter joy to show?
 Take, then, a grateful yearning heart
 That cannot live if it from thee depart;
 And pardon, for its fondness, this rude strain
 Mine own sweet Jane.

1859.

Love that breathes not without awe,
Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer.

Wordsworth.

If thy face ever wore one darkling look,
If ever thou hadst uttered one harsh word,
If gentlest love but once thine eyes forsook,
Or lightest anger in thy tones were heard,
Then my hard words had had some little right,
There were faint reason for my wayward spite.

O saintly wife! what words can paint thy worth?
Who thine unchanging gentleness can speak?
Mine own heart's idol! my life's second birth!
Fond, tender, uncomplaining, chaste, and meek,
O strange! that I could wound a soul so fair!
With harshness so serene a spirit scare!

Behold a suppliant husband at thy feet!
He kneels to pray forgiveness of his wife!
Raise him not unforgiven; it is meet
That he ask pardon who began the strife.
Sweet, 'tis thy birthday; take me to thy breast;
Life were a blank if there I found not rest.

1860.

SURSUM CORDA.

I sang of my Rose, and my Garland of three,
 And now, my last darling, I'd fain sing of thee ;
 But the verses run stiff from a pen growing old,
 And the mind's eye is dim, and the heart's blood is cold.

For still as the sands of my life run away,
 Some joy and some pleasure dies off every day ;
 The green fields and blue waves yet laugh in the sun,
 But the young heart which laughed with their laughter is
 gone.

The sadness that comes with what men call success,
 The loneliness deepening as friendships grow less,
 The soul's blank desertion when doubts cloud the sky,
 And Heaven seems more distant, and Death is more nigh ;

The yearnings that linger when passion burns out,
 The fierce fight within, and the drear waste without ;
 All press down together with sin and with pain,
 Making future all hopeless and present all vain.

Yet sometimes as wearily deathward I'm wending,
 Beneath all the burden of life lowly bending,
 I see my boy pass, or I hear his blithe voice,
 And the young years at once wake again and rejoice.

Here, too, is my own Rose, as sweet and as fair
As when her bloom courted her "pure island air,"
Her beauty unshadowed by years or by pain,
She smiles, the clouds melt, and the sun shines again.

The foam on the crest of the dark wave is light,
The snow on the grisly rock ledges is bright,
Over earth the most dearth-stricken, stony, and bare
The flowers weave their robe and the winds waft sweet air.

Ah, darlings ! at sight of you tears fill my eyes,
The thankful heart softens, the fond prayers arise ;
May God grant to you His high grace ever nigh,
A pure heart to me till I lie down to die !

1866.

I have added to these verses the two following poems by John Billingsley Seymour. Besides the desire to associate with my own these compositions of my dearest friend and brother, I have wished to preserve, to the extent of a few printed copies, almost the only remaining specimens of the purity and tenderness of his heart, and the grace and felicity of his expression.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE
 ALEXANDER SEYMOUR.

Brother absent—brother dear,
 If thy spirit hover near,—
 If where'er thou dwell'st unseen
 Live the thoughts of what has been,
 Come as thou were wont of yore,
 Let us see thy face once more.

Tell us in what fairy clime
 Thou hast past the joyful time
 Since it was our lot to weep
 O'er thy soft, thy early sleep.
 Brother present, brother dear,
 Tell, O tell us ! soft—we hear.

Yes, thou speak'st of happier hours
 Than visit e'er this world of ours,
 Of joy and peace that hallow all
 Separate from mortal thrall;
 Of spirits far from worldly eye,
 Whose walk is endless harmony;
 Of days that need no sun to brighten
 For looks are there that can enlighten,
 And holy saints are bending thence
 With a starlike influence.

Colours are there! a brighter green
 Than in fair spring was ever seen,
 And lovelier tints than autumn throws
 In her hour of deep repose.
 Streams are flowing on for ever
 To a bright and living river,
 Planted by whose banks arise
 Trees—the trees of Paradise!

Brother absent, brother dear,
 Dost thou then forget us here?
 In a life where all is bliss,
 Dost thou ever think on this?
 Or do past affections die,
 Banished from thy memory?

No, not so ; where'er thou art,
 Surely thou forget'st us not.
 Oft thy thoughts are wandering hither
 To bid us haste, and seek thee thither ;
 Oft thy spirit loves to dwell
 With the hearts it knew so well.
 But we,—o'er our sad lot still lies
 The mist of human vanities ;
 Fain would we see thee face to face,
 And give thee one long, long embrace.

We cannot see thee, for our eyes
 Are dim to heavenly mysteries.
 We cannot hear thee, for our ears
 Are closed by worldly cares and fears.
 Yet in the calm and pensive hour,
 When the busy day is o'er,
 At times when wafted to the ear,
 Steals the soft music of a better sphere.
 Brother absent, brother dear,
 Thy face, thy form, thy voice is near !

J. B. S.

1839.

LINES ON ENTERING A CATHEDRAL.

There is a music in the stately dome
 A soul-inspiring melody,—a song
 That is not of the earth; this is a home
 For chastened feelings: the broad nave along
 A spirit that to Heaven doth belong
 Broods everlastingly of peace and love;
 Peace such as breathes the heavenly choirs among,
 And Love the element in which they move,
 Around the immortal throne in courts of joy above.

Oh, tread we lightly here, 'tis holy ground;
 The ashes that beneath the tomb are laid
 Foretell our change to come. The circles round
 Of wreathèd tracery that cannot fade
 Are crowns for angel's heads. The roof inlaid
 With many a fair fantastic drapery,
 What is it but a mystic curtain, made
 To hide the glow of heaven's emblazonry
 Which to behold were death, yet still we yearn to see?

To some whose spirits still are strangers here
 The world is such a building. Oft they tire
 In wandering—or anon their feet to cheer
 Bursts forth from out the dim and unseen choir

A ray of life and light—the dancing fire
 Bent as on sport encircles with its net
 The gloom of outer darkness and the mire
 Of mortal things it freaks with many a jet
 Of colours else unknown, and tints that are not yet.

Oh, had we eyes to see, we might discern
 Amid that bright and starry company
 Whose lamps around the fiery altar burn
 Faces akin to ours—unceasingly.
 Their looks of deep imploring charity
 Bend hitherward, and oft they hover nigh
 To summon us aloft. Oh, this must be
 A more than marble blindness not to see
 And hail their all unbought, unbidden sympathy.

J. B. S.

1842.

EXTREMUS LABOR.

Extremum hunc Arethusa mihi concede laborem.

Virgil.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Psalms li.

O Christ!

*How that which was the life's life of our being
Can pass away, and we recall it thus!
Irene! if there's aught of thee that lives,
Thou hast beholden me a suffering man;
Thou hast seen the mind, its native strength how racked,
Thou seest the bodily frame how sorely shaken;
And thou wilt judge me, not as they do who live,
But gently, as thou didst judge all the world,
When it was thy world.*

Sir Henry Taylor, Isaac Comnenus.

*The mists before me gave
Smooth way; and I beheld the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
With her face up to Heaven; that seemed to have
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone;
A lovely beauty in a summer grave!*

Wordsworth.

EXTREMUS LABOR.

No, no ; no life ;
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all ? O thou wilt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never.

King Lear.

Break the poor tuneless lyre ! Shut fast the book !
 Who now will bear the puny melodies ?
 Who read the halting numbers ? She is gone,
 Who bore, who loved them, for the maker's sake,
 My joy, my crown. O darling love ! O wife !
 There in Saint Mary's shadow, by the home
 Whose light, whose soul thou wert, in the dark grave
 Lies thy fair form ; so beautiful in Death,
 That he might seem to love thee while he struck,
 And spare the spoil he seized ; and I, thy husband,
 Go back to work in the world, and wander on
 Always without thee, desolate, alone.

The past comes back ; the small, grey, wind-worn church ;
 The gleaming inlets of the land-locked sea ;
 The sudden sunshine ; all the wedding train,
 Some joyous and some sad ; one loveliest form,

Thine, darling, veiled and wreathed, thy face half hidden
In the rich glory of thy golden hair,
Thyself a dream of beauty, moving on
By thy boy-husband's side, yet crowned above
With holy rays of maiden purity
Which left thee never ; thou the fondest wife,
The tenderest mother, yet thy whole life long
One of the company of wedded virgins.

Year followed year, my darling, full of toil,
Toil thankless, often hopeless, but at home
Still shone the light of love. The childlike smile,
The brave, strong, womanly word, the sympathy
Unfailing, yet unforced, the gentle wisdom,
The undying fondness, all the hoarded wealth
Of a rich heart's affection, without stint
Poured forth upon a husband, made those years
Blest beyond hope, and glad beyond all words.

Then came the world's cold smiles ; and duties came
Unsought, unwelcome, but by thee so borne,
Fulfilled with such a high-toned courtesy,
So frank, so simple, such an inbred grace,
That the shy, modest, shrinking self-distrust,
Which we who knew thee saw, seemed to the world

The silvery-silken veil thrown o'er a bride,
 Which but enhances beauty. O my wife !
 Faultless in all things, in the world's regard
 A lovely gracious lady, to my heart
 The peerless gem of perfect womanhood.

The world could see thy gifts, and pay them honour ;
 It knew the noble artist ; men, whose praise
 Itself was fame, gave it ungrudgingly.
 A man's firm hand, a woman's tender soul
 Met in thine art ; so subtle, yet so broad.
 Out of the sweet came strength ; and still survive
 The power, the love, the genius of great men
 Traced by thy hand ; and still the inward sense
 Can feel the intense majestic loveliness,
 The grandeur of great Michael's lonely soul,
 In no unworthy echoes. But those only,
 To whose fond wondering gaze the inner shrine
 Of thy soul's temple was by fits revealed,
 Knew that these outward gifts were but the robe
 Clothing rare graces : silence against all wrong ;
 No strife for self ; though in another's cause
 Unyielding firmness ; such a royal spirit
 Of trust, of love, of fathomless charity,
 Of free forgiveness, as, if Angels share,
 They do not more than share.

I go no further :

The ground is holier than my feet may tread.
 Thy life of prayer and praise, thy love of Christ,
 Thine absolute faith, thy childlike sanctity,
 Thy rapt communion with the world unseen,
 He knows alone Who called thee to Himself
 Through swift disease and agonizing pain,
 Torturing the body with sore pangs, that left
 Thy fair soul all untouched. No murmuring word
 Escaped thee, no repining, all thy thoughts
 Were still for others, and the last faint words
 Caught from thy dying lips were loving prayers
 For all thy "dear ones." Far into the light,
 The Paradise of God, beyond the bounds
 Of space, of time, of thought, for evermore
 Floated thy angel spirit : the thick veil
 Fell down between us, never pierced by prayer
 Strongest, most passionate ; its cloudy folds,
 That always hang before the Gates of Death,
 Not even to Faith dissolving ; thou with God,
 I here, the veil between us, to be raised
 Then only when I pass within.

Men say

That grief has ceased to grieve, if written down,
 Described, tricked out in verse. It may be so ;
 I will not put it to the proof. I know

That Hope hath perished, sweet, sad Memory
 Lives on, and by her side I live alone
 With sorrow, with past years, and with the Dead.
 The air, the fields, the walks, the day, the night
 Are full of thee, my wife ; I cannot move,
 I cannot think or sleep but thou art with me.
 The dumb drear void of heart yearns to be filled
 With thee, with thee, yearns after thee to breaking.
 With prayers, with a man's tears, I cry to God ;
 No answer breaks the silence, all is still :
 No voice comes through the darkness. Yet sometimes,
 When the winds whisper, when the waters smile,
 When thine own flowers unveil their patient beauty,
 When sunbeams glint through shade of waving trees,
 When golden clouds go softly through the sky,
 Or lie enisled amid green seas of light
 In the sad splendour of the sinking sun,
 When through the night break the "bewildered chimes,"
 And their pathetic cadence on the heart
 Unlocks the fountain of slow-dropping tears,
 It seems thou must be near. Ah, is it so ?
 If thou canst hear me, if thou canst feel my love,
 There where thou art with Christ, if thou canst see
 The pangs of keen remorse, the soul's fond prayer
 To kneel to be forgiven for cruel words,
 For harsh ungenerous ways, for wrongs, for wounds
 To thy meek loving spirit ; thou knowest also

The depth, the passion, the great agony,
 The hunger of the heart, the sore desire
 For that which will not come, which cannot be ;
 It is too late ; yet thou art mine, all mine,
 Mine only, always, and I too am thine,
 Not worthy, but still thine whate'er befalls.
 O hear my bitter cry ! O pity me !
 Help me, forgive me, love me ! Let me learn
 To live thy gentle, humble, loving life,
 Till I am fit to join thee, and lie down,
 My dust with thine, in long unbroken sleep,
 Until the Archangel's voice awakes the dead.

September, 1878.



L'ENVOI.

Nunc et amara dies, et noctis amarior umbra est ;
Omnia jam tristi tempora felle madent.

Tibullus.

From thee my muse began her feeble life,
Let her last sigh be o'er thy grave, my wife.
Fragrant with flowers, and shining in the sun,
The end unseen, the travail scarce begun,
Before us lay life's path, and to the land,
Whence none return, we journeyed hand in hand.
Hope lighted us, love cheered us ; on the way
I sang thee, sweet one, many a simple lay ;
Poor things ; but to thy soul's quick-answering chords
They told a tale too deep for spoken words.
O love, how bright the future seemed to be !
How firm, how safe, our strange felicity !

That future now is present ; I am here
In the gray twilight of a waning year ;
Labouring to gather Duty's weary dole
In deepening grief, in solitude of soul ;
With no bright smile to cheer the darkening day,
No love to light me down the lonely way,
No hope but this, that, when my work is done,
In restful Death we may again be one ;

R

That He Whose mercy bade thee rise and come,
 From all who loved thee, to thy Father's home,
 May deign to aid me in the doubtful strife
 From stain of earth to purify my life,
 Make me at last not all unmeet for thee,
 Then call me too : for I have lived to be
 As a barked tree, death-stricken in the cold,
 Sapless and fruitless, lingering to behold
 All the fair visions of my youth decay,
 Hope and desire slow-withering day by day,
 My loves, like shadows, one by one depart ;
 Therefore, O cease dull life ! O break hard heart !

Leicester, January, 1879.

Στέιχομεν δικτροὶ καὶ πολὺκλαυτοὶ
 τὰ μέγιστα φίλων ὀλέσαντες.

This book perhaps may linger in a few libraries when I am gone, and many of its later pages may seem to chance readers to express only foolish fondness. The paper which follows, reprinted here with the leave of the author, was written by the Dean of St. Paul's, on the death of her who is the subject of almost all these latter verses. It makes a fitter ending to this little book than anything which I could write myself. His judgement will not be suspected; all who knew her will acknowledge the truth of his words, and all who read them will feel their beauty.

LADY COLERIDGE.

We had to announce last week the death of Lady Coleridge. It was one of those sudden and unexpected blows which have come this winter in rapid succession on a circle of friends who have gone through life with many common interests, and, along often with strong differences of opinion, with deep personal sympathies. And this one has been the most unexpected of all. There was nothing to suggest anxiety. In the midst of ordinary health and ordinary engagements, a cold was caught—one of the colds of this changeable and trying season—there were a few days of swiftly increasing illness; and then the end came.

Those who were her friends must feel that a great gap is made in what they most prized of their familiar society.

They will remember in her an attractiveness and charm which was her own, and which they admired at the time without asking themselves why. It was, that surrounded with happiness, she was so singularly unworldly. Guileless, simple, modest—with great gifts, and frankly delighting in their exercise and their achievements, she had the power to make her home and its daily life bright, animated, pure ; and this, apart from any personal thoughts about herself, seemed her work for this world. And she shone in it. It was a home where, with the dignity belonging to her place, was joined the playfulness and the sympathies of an elder sister—where each had their special interest, and she had hers, but hers also was the blending influence which made all interests seem common to all. Her own special interest was art. Her delight in what was great and beautiful was fresh and intense. Her sense of perfection was delicate and severe. What she could do herself the world has had some opportunities of knowing on the walls of the Royal Academy. Her chalk drawings of Sir W. Boxall and Mr. Butterfield were those of a powerful artist. To her, in her three chalk portraits of Dr. Newman, posterity will owe the most truthful and the most tenderly strong representations of one of the greatest men of our time. She could not but be conscious of excellence ; but her enthusiasm and eagerness in working were curiously mixed with a contrasting calmness and even shyness, and with a persevering, unsatisfied faithfulness in all that she

took in hand. And in her conversation there was the same combination of qualities naturally and spontaneously checking and relieving one another: great quickness and shrewdness of observation, great clearness and decision of judgement, great warmth of feeling, with an almost timid and self-retiring humility, half afraid of having spoken too boldly or too much. To have known her will be to many one of the most prized recollections of their lives. She was one of those who helped to teach the difficult lesson to live in the world, and yet not be of the world.—R. W. C., *Guardian*, February 13, 1878.



